THE

CANADA WEST

A · MAGAZINE OF THE SUNSET PROVINCES

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COVER DESIGN by E. C. Wilbur
Illustrating After Seven Years.

Frontispiece. Illustrating "The Furnace."	M. B. Aleshire.	550
After Seven Years. Illustrated with drawings	Forrest Crissey	551
How to Get a Homestead. Illustrated with photograph.	Allen Frake	561
Mister Peters of the Bar-L. Fiction	Percy S. Howard	565
The Welcome of the Cities. Verse. Illustrated with photograph.	Sara Hamilton Birchall	569
Happiness Valley. Illustrated with photographs.	Joe Mitchell Chapple	570
By Hill and Dale in Manitoba	R. W. Dunlop	575
The Minister's Thanksgiving. Fiction	W. Everard Edmond	577
The First Link in the Chain	Edward Angus	579
The Witch-wife's Charm. Verse	M. Gilman	580
The Furnace. Fiction. Chaps. XXIII.-XXVII.	Philip Payne	581
Might Have. Verse.	Edith M. Thomas	593
Concerning Kissing. Fiction.	Agnes Campbell Purves	594
Punchinello. Verse.	Margaret George	596
Out of the Darkness	Cy Warman	597
Moritura. Verse.	Margaret George	598
What I Found in Western Canada. Illustrated with photographs.	Karl Edwin Harriman	599
A Paternal Corporation.	E. Cora Hind	604
When the Dark Comes Down. Verse.	Cy Warman	606
"M. Montgomery, Real Estate."	Mae Harris Anson	607
Perchance to Dream. Verse.	Margaret G. Davidson	609
The Bubble Fairies. Fiction. Illustrated with drawings	Sara Hamilton Birchall	610
Shop Talk.	The Editor	612
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor.		614
Industrial Openings.	The Editor	618

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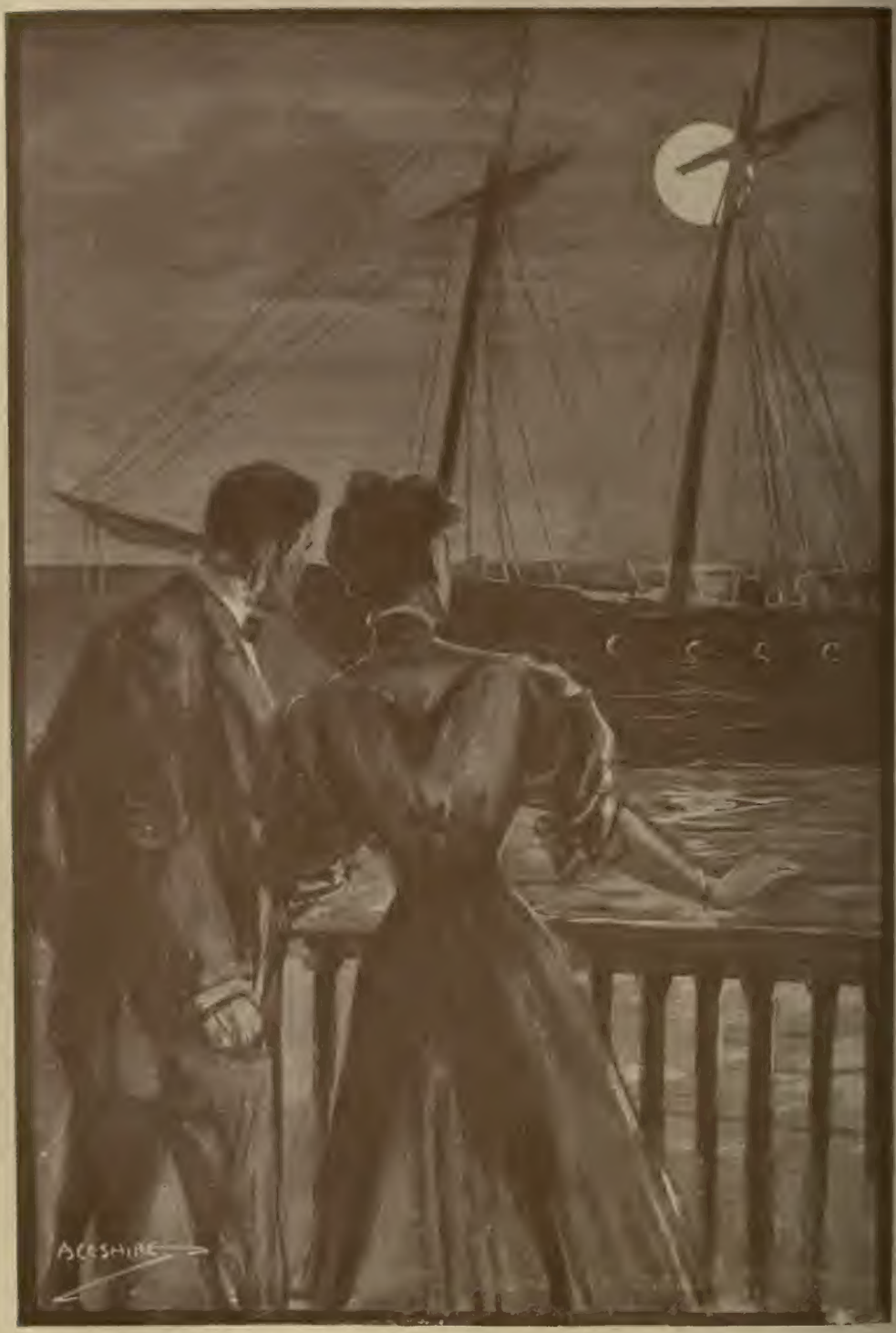


The Death Ship

The Furnace—See Page 581

THE
CANADA WEST

After Seven Years

By Forrest Crissey

Author of "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," "The Country Boy," etc.

"THEY are all the same! All the same!" chuckled the old boat builder to his young helper. "There never was a Norse child, from a little beggar to a little prince, that wouldn't leave a festival parade to watch a boat builder work. It's in the blood."

The boyish young workman did not look up, but the flush of color which surged into his fair cheeks showed that he knew what had provoked the comment. Finally he replied: "But the Foged's daughter is not a child. She is not little; she is . . ."

The laugh of the old boat builder and the nearer approach of the girl cut short the lad's definition of the degree of maturity to which this chief maiden of the village had attained. Being the daughter of the first citizen, the local representative of the king, there was scarcely a fact of Svenhild Kielland's history which was not known to every dweller in Larvik. The man, woman, youth or child who did not know that Svenhild would come sixteen on St. Hansfest and that the decoration of the garden of the Foged's house was to be more in celebration of his daughter's birthday anniversary than of the usual mid-summer festival, would have been called "too foolish to eat fish." In truth the mothers of Larvik could tell to a day when this darling of the "great house" had first tasted solid food, was baptized, took her first step, spoke her first word, was confirmed, had the measles, said her first lesson, went away to school, made her first bread, spun her first thread and wove her first simple breadth of hvergang. And why not? Was she not the little princess of the place?

Sitting there on the steps which led down to the roofed platform where the boat builders were bending above their skeleton crafts, Svenhild could watch their supple movements, see each stroke which brought the graceful boats nearer completion, the smell, the pleasant, wholesome fragrance of the seasoned hard wood and still be a little apart from the workmen as became a modest girl and the daughter of the Foged.

She had been there before so often that her coming had come to be expected and the place on the steps regarded as quite her own. The old boat builder made no effort to conceal his pride in these visits from "the little lady" and she sometimes asked him questions about the boats. But not before had she given the young helper a word. He was quite surprised when, as she acknowledged his bow with her usual smile, she said: "I hope you are coming to the festival. You know it's my birthday. Isn't it nice to have one's birthday come on St. Hansfest? Then you are always sure of a party!" And she laughed merrily as he flushed red and answered:

"Yes, thank you; I shall be there. I shall surely be there."

She had never sat on the steps, from the very first time he had dared look at her, without his thinking, "How beautiful! She must be the most beautiful girl in Norway. Why, Hildegarde Swanson, queen of the last festival, is ugly beside her!" And, in fact, this estimate of the Foged's daugher was not so extravagant as it might seem, for she had all the traditional elements of Norse beauty—rose-pink cheeks, eyes of azure and hair that seemed like stilled and lusterless sunshine. But a delicacy of figure and an exquisiteness of feature rare in provincial Norway set her apart from all of her associates with a mark of distinction, fine breeding apparent even to undiscerning eyes. And her smile was the very glowing of faith and good will.

All of the money Ole had saved since he came in from the farm and began his apprenticeship was spent for clothes in which to attend this double celebration. And there was no hesitation, no half-heartedness in his parting with his little hoard. When once Ole Bakka made up his mind what he wanted, he stopped at nothing. It had been so with leaving the farm, with becoming a boat builder—with everything he had undertaken in his short career of eighteen years.

"Boy," said the kindly old boat builder to his helper the day after the festival. "I saw you in the Foged's garden yesterday—saw your clothes and saw the way in which you looked at the Little Lady." Then he lapsed into silence and shook his head many times until prompted by his apprentice.

"Yes sir?"

"No! No!" he continued. "It will never do. She is the Foged's daughter —and you are only an apprentice, the son of a poor sub-tenant!"

The apprentice made no answer, but the look which came into his strong handsome face, as he bent to his work without a word of answer, had no trace of submission in it. In spite of his boyishness there was something almost grim and sullen in the shut of his jaws and the gleam of his eyes under the rebuke of the old boat builder.

Svenhild's visits to the little open boat shop became more frequent and she no longer confined her conversation to the old man. Once she asked the apprentice how he had come to take up boot-building. Leaning back against a bench and tearing into bits a long ringlet of shaving that had curled up through the plane, he forgot himself and told of his life back on the inland farm, of the endless toil in field and woods to get enough to pay the chief tenant and keep his mother and himself from starving, of his longing to get to the town and the fjord and to make boats for the sea, of his mother's death and how he had run away and walked fifty miles to Larvik to begin the life of which he had dreamed so long.

She made no answer to all this, but the look in her eyes said: "You are very brave, Ole!" And back from his eyes flashed the answer, "And you are very beautiful."

They did not think that the wise old boat builder, who had been fitting a rib to the keel of a little yacht for the Foged, had seen this exchange of messages or had heard the story above his whistling. But that night when the Foged came down to the water front to see how his craft was coming on, the old workman contrived to let the chief dignitary of the place understand that the frequency of the daughter's visits was hardly to be accounted for by her interest in the boat and that he had done his duty by reminding the young man of the difference in station between a poor apprentice and the daughter of his patron. The Foged laughed good-naturedly:

"You are as wise as you are good, Peter. But I have no fears. Svenhild is a sensible girl and a word to her will be enough. She has never in her life disregarded my wishes—never. Say nothing more to the young chap. Opposition will only fire up all the silly romance in him and might lead him to make his attentions disagreeable. She will take care of him all right!"

So sure was the father of his daughter that, in the little talk he had with her in the garden room, he did not even exact a promise from her that she would not see Ole again. And because his suggestion that she should not go down to the boat builder's without him was so promptly carried out, he dismissed the matter from his mind. Even the fact that, while sitting beside him in the family carriage, she had openly nodded to the young builder as he passed, served to confirm the father in his conviction that there was no longer any trace of sentiment between them.

A year slipped by. Svenhild was again home from school and almost lived in the little "pleasure house" at the back of the garden, with its roof of deep red roses, and the bees did not haunt the damask blooms of the garden house more faithfully than the slender young assistant pastor followed the girl from one shady retreat to another. His deep gentle voice could be heard almost any afternoon, above the droning of the bees, reading Ibsen to his half-dreaming listener. And when the Foged saw them together he smiled and said to himself: "Not so bad! He will not set Norway afire, but he will be good to her—and he belongs to her world. He is a gentleman!"

Late one evening—the third of young Tidende's absence at the Christiania conference of pastors—the Foged caught the faint fragrance of the roses outside the open window, pushed aside the big new volume of parliamentary proceedings and rubbed his eyes. The roses somehow recalled his daughter to him. Yes; she was a sweet girl—almost a woman now! No doubt she was a little lonely to-night, with the young sub-pastor away. Perhaps if he should go out and find her in the garden he might have that fatherly talk with her which he had always expected to have sometime. His heart glowed with uncommon pride and tenderness as he walked noiselessly over the grass, thinking how obedient and sensible she had been in the matter of the boat builder's apprentice. Some daughters might have made a scene and behaved badly—but not Svenhild! And then he gave himself a bit of commendation for his wisdom in that incident. But then had he not always, in his public life, made it a rule never to bring down the stern hand of authority when softer measures would do the work?

Instinctively he made his way to the garden house and was surprised to find it vacant; but it was so cool, fragrant and inviting that he settled down on the seat, thinking, "No doubt Svenhild will pass this way soon."

Suddenly he heard low voices beside the hedge, at the back of the garden. Scarcely stirring he looked out. There just beyond the slender birch—wraith-like in the moonlight—stood Svenhild, her delicate head thrown back and her eyes lifted to those of the young man whose neck her white arms encircled.

"Dear!" he heard her say," Dearest! No matter what he says, I shall never give you up—never. Oh! if he knew your heart as I do! But it almost kills me, Ole, to think how it will hurt him.

He's my father, you know—*my father!* And he is so good!"

"But," said the young man, "I'll make as much money when I get to Canada as he has. It won't take long." Then he kissed her tear-wet eyes and vanished through the gap in the hedge. She took a few steps, leaned against the white birch and sobbed. The only words that came to the Foged, in ambush were, "Oh, father! father!"

Although he had first been white with rage he had somehow held himself in check—as he had done many a time in a political crisis. "Wait!" he told himself. "Wait! Think! I have never lost by waiting."

At last the girl moved from the tree and passed on to the house—a drooping and shaken figure, like the slender white birch bent and shivering under a summer storm.

Motionless, the father sat there under the mottled shadows thrown by the moonlight as it flittered through the leafy screen above his head.

"Canada!" he muttered. "America! That's the thing! America and time! But how I would like to beat the young farm-hound!"

That week the old boat builder told his astonished helper that he should need him no longer, as he must make a place in the little shop for the son of an old friend. "But," he added, "you have been a faithful worker, Ole, and so I give you thirty kroner—enough for your passage to America, if you choose to go with young Swanson who sails next week from Christianssand."

The steamer which would take him to the ocean port would stop at Larvik the next day. Off for Canada—and with thirty kroner which he had not had to toil for in the boat yard. Surely he was born lucky!

There was another meeting in the garden that night to which the Foged was not a witness—although he was not ignorant of it, and he spent the time pacing the library, having told his wife and servants that he must not be disturbed. He had never had so hard a fight to hold himself in hand before. But America and time would save Svenhild. The common farm-hound would take up with the first kitchen maid that came his way when once the pangs of homesickness seized him in America. Oh, he knew the breed! That was the difference between a cur and a thoroughbred! And with Svenhild, absence,the near presence of the young sub-pastor and plenty of young company of her own kind—with a gay winter at Christiania—would open her eyes and make her see the young peasant in his true light!

* * *

The ship that carried the young boat-builder to Canada had crossed and re-crossed a score of times since he had been among its steerage passengers; two winters had the Foged taken his daughter to Christiania and seen her received into the circle of the lesser officials; young friends had come and gone by the dozens at the "great house" in Larvik; the sub-pastor had become pastor and his pale, fine face was as constantly seen in the garden and the library and at the family table of the Foged's mansion as ever—and still the watchful master of the house saw that the expected change had not come in his daughter's heart. The letters from America still came—although not so frequently as at first—and their arrival seemed to be all she lived for. At times he wished that he had not been so wise and that he had let loose his wrath and his authority. But it was hard to see this only daughter losing the best of life, cheating herself of the golden years of happiness.

One evening when the mother was slightly ill and the big house very still and dim and lonely, he suddenly took her hand, as she sat before the roaring fireplace and said:

"Daughter! Tell me about it. Has he sent for you to go to America?"

Instantly she threw herself upon him and gave way to a wild passion of sobs—a mad outbreak of emotion which ended in his carrying her in his arms to her bed as he had sometimes done when she was a child.

"Cruel! Cruel! The farm-hound!"

HE FORGOT HIMSELF AND TOLD OF HIS LIFE BACK ON THE INLAND FARM *See page 552*

he said as he plodded unsteadily down the stairs.

Once, as the Foged and the young pastor strolled in the garden and passed under Svenhild's window, the father laid his hand lightly upon the shoulder of his companion. They stopped and listened. Above the soft thrumming of a guitar came down to them, in Svenhild's low, rich voice, the yearning strains of Solveig's song of constancy:

"The winter may vanish and spring disappear,
And summer may go—and the whole long year;
But sooner or later you'll come to me, I know,
And patiently I wait, as I promised long ago.

"God guide you where you wander, far away and alone;
God grant you his mercy if you stand before his throne.
With faith and with patience I'll wait until the end,
And should you wait up yonder, I'll meet you there, my friend."

Silently they passed on to the garden house, their cigars glowing dimly in the darkness.

"Have you spoken to her again?" asked the father.

"Again?" he answered, "A score of times. It is always the same. She weeps at the hurt which she gives to you, to her mother, to me—but says she can love only him and she will wait always—as Solveig waited for the roving renegade of a Peer Gynt! And when he sends she will go. There is no hope sir; I fear it is God's will. But I can wait as well as she."

* * *

As she came drooping down the stairway, her hand sliding along the rail and her slender little figure swaying unsteadily, her face was as white and ghostlike as the birch behind the garden house. But her eyes shone with a wild triumph. Gliding to where he sat, she steadied herself with both hands upon the great black oak table. Her lips moved before the words would come and once she closed her eyes as if in prayer—or from faintness.

"It has come—father—he has sent for me—Ole—sent the first-class passage tickets and money—and—I must go—I must go! Oh father! father!"

He caught her hand—put her in his own big chair, her shaking hands clutching its stout arms and the warm lamplight glowing full upon her golden head and quaking breast. One look at her and he turned away. He stood long at the open window breathing in the heavy odor of the roses. Yes; it was seven years since that night when the smell of the roses had brought Svenhild to his inner thought and he had gone out to tell her of the things in a father's heart!

"Yes," he said, returning to where she sat. "You must go! It is the only way you will learn how far below you this clod is! But you will come back—when you have found him out. You will come back! But listen! I could kill him—like a barn-yard cur! And you—you will have plenty of time to think of what you have done."

Again he stood by the window, while a moan from the limp figure in the great chair made him wince and quiver as from a knife thrust. Without turning he said: "But tell him that your father's door is always open to you. Tell him your people are not of a kind that can ever forget their own! And when you have had enough of him—and his kind—of kitchen maids and sailors and dock wallopers and ditch diggers in America—then come back!"

* * *

The passengers on the Canadian Pacific train for Winnipeg were puzzled by the shy little passenger whose quaintly broken speech and odd touches of dress indicated that she was not a Canadian.

"She's a pretty little Svenska, ain't she?" remarked the shoe salesman to his seatmate. "It's plain that she's no common kitchen mechanic—tell by her soft hands she's never done a day's work in her life! My guess is that she's some Swede preacher's daughter come over to visit relatives—or to meet her fellow and marry him. Seems to me I can kind of see that longing-for-you-love look in her eyes.

Anyhow she's a peach, and I'd be willing to bet that she's parsonage bred or better. Funny how the Swedes do look up to the preacher, isn't it? I lived out in Decorah, Iowa—that's the capital of Sweden and Norway in America—and I found out that they think the cloth is only one grade lower than the aristocracy. A Swede is the sure king-pin in any pickled herring community; the best of 'em kow-tow to him as if he's a little king. Now look at that smile—that's for *him*—and he's waiting in the Winnipeg station with a grin on him as wide as his hands and warm enough to melt cheese!"

"Well; do you blame him any?" replied the clothing man, glancing up from his order book. "He isn't going to draw any blank in that girl. I guess you've sized up the situation all right. Back the road a piece she was having a nice little cry all by her lonesome—thinking about the old folks, I reckon. It must tear these immigrants up some to pull away from home."

An hour later, as the train rattled into the station and the guard called "Winnipeg," the grizzled conductor himself picked up her bag and walked behind her to the platform, recalling the time when he had landed alone in America, fresh from "the ould sod!" Had he understood the Norwegian tongue he would have caught the words which escaped her tremulous lips: "After seven years!"

"Ah, girl! Svenhild!" Ole called up gaily from the station platform as she half stumbled into his arms. He kissed her—hurriedly—and for an instant heard her voice in his ear saying "Dearest! Dearest!" then turned quickly to take her bag from the smiling conductor. A moment later he was pushing her forward with the crowd which poured its babbling stream through the brass bound doors into the station. Her mind was such a dizzy whirl of sweet confusion that one minute she asked herself had he kissed her at all and the next was wondering if she had clung to him shamelessly. Could she wait until they were alone for those words, those looks, those caresses for which she had borne all the awful heartbreaks of those seven endless years of waiting. And then she smiled up at him through her happy tears—smiled at the fair mustache which half hid the lines of his lips. She had come—he was by her side and the seven years were over!

Through the station and on through the babel of yelling cabmen they hurried and he half pushed her into a waiting brougham. She saw only that it was a closed carriage and that the world would be shut out as they whirled away. Quickly she leaned forward eager to be gathered into his arms—trembling for the caress which had cost her all other dear things of life.

But her arms dropped at her side, for he lowered the window, laughed again, put up the opposite shade a bit higher and settled back upon the seat facing her.

"Don't look much like the old boat builder's apprentice, do I now?" he laughed—and pulled at his tawny mustache. "Well I guess not! Things have changed for me, I can tell you, since I left Larvik."

His chest expanded and his smile broadened as he brushed a fleck of dirt from his soft black coat and then adjusted the diamond stick-pin in his tie.

"Best thing that ever happened to me—being kicked out of that dead old hole over there. Canada's the place. A fellow can amount to something here! How the eyes of the old boss would bung out if he could see my lumber yard here—takes up a whole square." Then he laughed again and drew a cigar from his pocket—while the little figure on the other seat shrunk farther into the corner, her eyes half closed and her hands clutching the cushion. But of this he saw nothing.

"Yes," he continued, as he held the spluttering match to the point of his cigar. "I've been getting on all right. I saved it all as a surprise for you. Coming over in the steerage, that time, I thought it all out and I swore I'd never send for you until I was worth enough to buy the Foged

out and could afford to throw his whole place into the fjord! I made up my mind that I'd *show him a thing or two* —if it did take a little more time. I suppose he disowned you—for a farewell? His high notions don't go in this country—and if they *did* I guess you won't have much to be ashamed of.

"I'm president of the Norwegian Society and when we get up into my district I'll show you a hundred telephone poles with Ole Bakka's picture stuck on 'em. And they're in every saloon, too! Your old man is so proud of being an 'M.P.P.'—*but that's what is going behind my own name to-morrow*, when the polls close. And the Parliament of Manitoba has got the sleepy old Norwegian House skinned a mile! I'm going to keep open house all session, this winter, so that you can keep up the habit of moving in official circles—and they do business out here all right, you bet!"

The carriage stopped and he exclaimed:

"Why, here we are at Mrs. Melum's. I've got a big meeting at political headquarters and have simply *got* to hustle back to line up things for the fight to-morrow. But I'm going to be elected all right—you don't need worry about that for a minute! Of course, I'll have to be at the polls all day to-morrow and till late at night——but the next day I'll be on hand and we'll go straight over to Pastor Johnson's; I've got the marriage license and the red tape all fixed. Mrs. Melum'll look out for you all right and you can take it easy and get rested up. Sorry I've got to hustle back, but they can't run the fight without the captain, you know."

"Take good care of her!" he called back to the landlady of the boarding house after he had introduced Svenhild. Then he slammed the brougham door and the carriage whirled away.

"My room!" gasped the girl, "I'm very tired!"

Once alone, she fell forward upon the bed and lay there for hours, a shaking, shuddering wraith of human agony and wretchedness. Only once did she speak and then she cried: "After seven years! Oh, father! Oh, God be my helper!"

At last as evening approached, she aroused herself, washed, took from her purse a scrap of paper, read and replaced it and then watched at the window until she saw the landlady go down the steps with a market basket upon her arm. When she had disappeared around the corner, Svenhild snatched her handbag from the bed and went softly down the stairs and out into the street. There she walked swiftly, frequently turning corners and keeping steadily on until she saw an empty carriage passing. This she hailed and entered after handing the driver the slip of paper from her purse.

* * *

"What's the matter, woman?" demanded Ole, standing in the doorway of Mrs. Melum's boarding house, the day after the election.

"I'm afraid to tell," whimpered the terrified landlady. "I tried to find you—I telephoned—"

"Speak up!" he commanded. "What's happened? Tell me quick!"

"She's gone. Run away—your lady—the evening after you came. She said she must rest and—"

He stopped her—his face red and white by turns—put a few terse questions and then drove, at top speed, to Alderman Oleson's place, picked him up and continued on to the police station. When they came out of the inspector's office the alderman was saying: "That's what comes of having a pull, Ole. Nothing in the papers and no noise about it! Every thing on the still hunt. But that was a wide tip the inspector gave you about looking up anybody from her old home town. Going to go yourself to see the old servant that used to work for your lady's father? Lucky you happened to recall her."

"Her boy votes in my ward," explained Ole, "that's how I came to remember about her."

The alderman remained in the cab while the Honorable Ole Bakka went inside the cottage. When he came out he gave the driver a number in a

fashionable street and ordered him to "drive fast".

"Had to threaten the old woman with arrest," he explained, "to get the tip out of her. Told her I had a city officer in the cab ready to take her."

Then he lapsed into moody silence until they approached the big house and the cab wheel grated on the curb.

"You won't mind taking the car back, will you, Alderman?" he asked—and bolted for the servants' door without waiting for an answer. At last the door opened—and once more he looked straight into the eyes of Svenhild. The swift, yearning, agonizing, despairing reproach of that look almost penetrated the self-complacency of the Hon. Ole Bakka! Then the door shut with a bang and the alderman in the cab wondered if he heard a woman's voice scream—or was it the cry of a child?

When at last Ole spoke it was to say: "Well—she can't throw *me* down but *once*! It's a good thing I told nobody of this—just kept it as a kind of surprise to cap off my election. She's a fine girl all right—but there's some things a man of my position can't stand. When she gets ready to look for me she'll know where to find me. But it may be too late for *her*! This thing mustn't get out, Alderman—not a word of it, you understand."

"Not a word," answered the alderman—who realized that the day's doings had put a ring in the nose of one of the rising young political leaders of "Little Sweden." It was a great piece of luck for Alderman Oleson! He might sometime have to teach the Hon. Ole Bakka to lead—by the nose!

* * *

Svenhild had turned in at the cottage gate, two years later, to spend her "Thursday out" with old Ingred, the friend to whom she had fled in that wild hour of her heartbreak. Ingred was picking nasturtiums by the fence and looked up with a rare smile of welcome on her wrinkled old face.

"Here's the last paper from home," exclaimed Svenhild. "It says that father has given up his office and—and that means he is breaking. Oh, if I could only bring myself to go to him." Then her face lighted as she added, "and the paper says too, the Pastor Tidende has been sent to Winnipeg as a delegate to the great Lutheran convention. I wonder——"

Suddenly she stopped. From within the cottage came the sound of a tenor voice singing in her home tongue the words of Solveig's song:

"The Winter may vanish and Spring disappear,
And Summer may go—and the whole long year!"

The paper fell from Svenhild's hand and her face grew white as the spray of bridal wreath which brushed her skirt.

"Go! child! Go!" said old Ingred. "He has come for you—the pastor—go to him."

"And back to father and mother," answered Svenhild, walking unsteadily into the cottage—and into the open arms of the black coated pastor who had first taught her Solveig's song of waiting.

"It's too bad you're going to lose her," said the daughter of the big house in the aristocratic Fort Rouge quarter that evening after the pastor and Svenhild had called—fresh from Pastor Johnson's—to break the news of their sudden marriage. "My! but doesn't her preacher take himself seriously. You'd think he'd been used to refusing invitations from the Fort Rouge set all his life. And she didn't seem like a servant—she never did—but less to-night then ever. It's been kind of a romance below stairs, hasn't it—but so funny!"

And as Svenhild and her husband walked from the car to old Ingred's cottage, hand in hand, he was softly humming Solveig's song:

"The winter may vanish and Spring disappear,
And Summer may go—and the whole long year!"

How to Get a Homestead

Old Mac Tells of the Young Man's Country

By Allen Frake

Y this time the depot was crowded. The East was exchanging with the West in a parti-coloredstream of humanity, grips, dogs, trucks and anxiety. On Track Seven stood the Colonist Limited and before the gate waited a curious throng of men, watching a depot agent's leisurely progress towards the bars.

The padlock clicked to the key, and the gate rolled back.

"Train going North!" he called in a resonant bass. "All aboard for Minneapolis, Saynt Paul, Winnipeg, and the Last West!"

"Last West, Mac?" queried a tall young fellow on the platform. "What's that?"

"Last West? Oh, that was just my funnin'" responded Old Mac, as the last of the crowd tumbled through the gate, and the conductor sent a long-drawn "Bo-o-o-ord!" echoing up the platform.

"No, but where is it? Thought they'd got through calling any place the *West* by this time," persisted the other. "What made you say it"?

"Why, it's them Western provinces in Canada they calls the Last West," answered Mac, swinging himself up on a truck. "I'm going up there myself next month, an' take the Missus, an' homestead. Manitoba, Saskatchewan,Alberta—prairie country where they raise forty bushel o' wheat to the acre, an' don't have to pick rocks off'n their sections. The Government gives a feller a hundred an' sixty acres, an' all you have to do is to pull a ten out o' your jeans for her."

"You're easy, Mac," said the boy with amusement. "What are they giving away good land like that for—Governments don't do that way. Look at the United States! Why, I wouldn't live on some of these reservation lands if you paid me a dollar an hour!"

The depot agent laughed easily. "That just shows you ain't lived as many years as Old Mac," he answered. "What's the good o' land to the Gover'ment if they ain't nobody livin' on it, an' makin' it earn its upkeep? What's the difference if Canada is 25,000 square miles larger than the United States if they ain't got but a New-York-full or so of people to spread all over it? They want folks to fill up the country an' cultivate it an' fence it, and make it worth somethin'. That's what the big Canucks are after—to get some of that land filled up with folks an' payin' taxes. That's why all them fellers is going up there now, 'cause it won't be so many years before land's as scarce there as it is here."

"It's so cold, though, Mac," demurred Billy. "What you going to raise—snow-birds for the hotel market?"

"Say, you're a kicker!" commented Mac. "Tain't any colder than it is here, in lots of Canada, and where it is cold it's a dry cold that you don't feel. You stand that east wind blowing off the Lake down Adams Street in January, an' you don't need to worry about not trotting in the Walter Wellman class. You could meet a can o' liquid air an' not twitch an eyebrow."

"Oh, you've been reading booklets, old man. It's wild country up there, no cities, no theatres, no churches or schools or anything else but jackrabbits and loneliness. Little old

Chicago is good enough for me."

"That's all right. The first thing my missus said to me was, 'What about Ruth an' Rachel?' she says. 'They ain't through school yet.' So I looked it up, and they's schools and churches, and I s'pose the same kind of ice-cream suppers an' fringed tidies they have over on Forty-third street. Don't go much on them things myself, but she has to have 'em. It's the land I'm interested in."

"Hundred and sixty acres," repeated the young man musingly. "It isn't so bad a start, is it?"

"No siree bob! Grain an' cattle—cattle an' grain. You just ought to see some of the prize stock they raise up around Calgary. I was over at the St. Louis Exposition an' saw the handsomest stallion ever, there. Took the prize, and the cattle—Jim-in-ee! I ain't sure but what I want to raise live critters. Out there on the Alberta ranges you don't have to put up any shelter for your stock all winter—just let 'em run loose an' feed on the wild grasses. If you want to, you can get a lease of grazing lands for next to the half o' nothing from the Gover'-ment Land Commissioner. O' course you can let your cattle run on the Gover'ment lands, an' you don't have to fence, but it's better to lease your pasture and fence it on shares with your next-section neighbor. Makes you feel more secure, like."

"Must be lonesome when you start in, though," said the boy. "Patch of ground, crick, piece of sky, and prairie sod, with your next neighbor on the skyline."

"Well, it don't take long to put up a shack, an' you can get timber from the Government timber reserves, three thousand feet of it, besides roofing poles and fencing rails and firewood, no cost except cutting and hauling."

'What are the marketing facilities? how do you sell the stuff you raise? unless you're right on the railroad?"

"That's always been the trouble with the northern part of the rich Saskatchewan Valley. Except on the line of the Canadian Pacific there hasn't been anything doing. But now the Canadian Northern runs up to Edmonton from Winnipeg, an' the Grand Trunk is being put through from one end to the other, an' the C. P. R. is extendin' her lines so there won't be any trouble gettin' your truck to market, almost anywhere you want to locate. The breweries and flour mills and so on take all the grain they can get, too."

"If I went up there, I don't believe I'd go straight into farming," reflected Billy. "I'm tired of this everlasting ham-sandwich-and-cup-o'-coffee life here, and I've been wanting to get out where a man could breathe and make a way for himself. But I haven't enough to go into farming just yet. Any chance to work for other fellows?"

"Sure!" responded Mac. "First place, when there's so many settlers farmin' they need help. Then there are brick-yards, flour mills, sawmills, railroad-building, lumbering, and so on. There's no trouble about getting work up there."

"I wouldn't mind working on a farm for a while to get the run of the business. I haven't been on a farm since I was fourteen, and I don't know whether I would know which end of the plow to hitch a horse on now."

"That's all right," said the older man. "You can get a berth with some of the big farmers through the Immigration Commissioner. The wages are not much, but you get a chance to learn the business. They're about ten or twenty dollars a month, and board. They have the whole set of fixings up there, and keep lists and employment chances, and they'll put you through like sausage meat with the latest flavor guaranteed on the wrappers' table. When you get through a year with some of these big ranchers, you'll not be afraid to tackle a homestead proposition. Any of the Government agents will fix you up fine as silk. You can get a low-rate certificate from any agent which will give you low rates on settler's effects, and you can carry a car-load. All you'd want to take, though, would be the hundred and fifty pounds baggage you get on a ticket.

It don't make any difference whether you go across the boundary line at Portal, Emerson, the Soo, Windsor, or anywhere else."

"I've a good mind to try it," said Billy thoughtfully. "Might start in with a quarter-section, after a few months on somebody else's farm. Say, if a man takes up a quarter-section, does he have to break up land same as if he were going into farming."

"No, not if he has twenty head of cattle. That's what I'm going to do."

"When do you seed?"

"'Bout the first of April to the first of May."

"How long before the crop ripens?"

"Ninety to a hundred and ten days. There's so much sunlight the wheat ripens like it was in a hothouse."

"And the climate's good?"

"Sure! They're chiefly proud of it up there. You dassn't say anything against the weather."

"What about the winter?"

"Snow begins to fall the middle of November, and is mostly gone by March. Eastern climate is a little less mild than the Western. The snowfall gives the necessary moisture to ripen the wheat, and the Chinook winds have a tempering influence that keeps the weather comfortable. If there isn't as much snowfall as usual, the farmer raises a fuss, and goes into town to lick the weatherman. Through the summer the nights are cool and the day warm. Canada's all right on climate. They send invalids up there for the sake of the dry, bracing air. The most rain falls in May and June, just when they need it for the crops."

"Can you raise a crop on the first breaking of the land?"

"Yes, but it is best to use it the first year for garden truck, or flax, because it is rough before the heavy sod has had time to rot, and become workable.

"Plenty of hay?"

"Plenty of wild hay on Government or vacant land which you can rent for a little bit of money. Timothy and other grasses can be successfully grown."

"Don't they raise fruit somewhere up there?" queried Billy. "It wouldn't seem like home without a melon-patch."

"The small fruits grow wild. They cultivate plums, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries, gooseberries, melons, and all those things. In the Eastern provinces they do a lot of business in that line, and the British Columbia fruit would make your hair stand on end. It's so scandalous big. Like California."

"Vegetables, too?"

"Potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, cabbages, peas, beans, celery, squash, and 'most everything else. "You won't go hungry. Billy."

"Not much I won't," responded the boy, laughing. "Sounds like home and mother to me, after I've been hearing 'Plate o' Beans' yelled down the lunch-counter for three years. Say, will I have to change my citizenship if I go to Canada?"

"Here's what the booklet says about it," said Mac, pulling out a Government folder. "'A foreigner may enter land for a free homestead, but he must become naturalized before he can obtain a patent for it. Meanwhile he can hold possession of the land, live upon it and exercise every right of ownership. If not already a British subject he must reside three years in the country to become naturalized. To become a British subject a settler of foreign birth should make application to anyone authorized to adminster oaths in a Canadian Court, who will instruct him as to the details of completing his naturalization.'"

"How about money?"

"You can take it with you and have it changed when you arrive in Canada, or you can get it changed before you start. American money, however, is taken everywhere in Western Canada at its face value."

"Can a man who has used his homestead right in the United States take a homestead in Canada?"

"Yes."

"If a British subject has taken out 'citizen papers' in the United States, how does he stand in Canada?"

"He must be 'repatriated', or take a certificate of naturalization when he gets his final papers on his homestead. You can't take up a homestead without becoming a Britisher, but what's the difference, anyway? A man that's law-abiding is just as happy being bossed by a Parliament as by a Congress, and neither of them bother you much. There's all kinds o' folks up there, Canadians, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Americans, Russians, Germans, Norwegians,—'most everything stirred up into hash, an' all workin' like all-get-out. Everybody's good or near-good in Canada. You don't need to carry a shootin' iron in your coat-tails. 'Jever hear of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police? They've made the country walk chalk up there. They don't allow bad men, or grave-yard makin' as a sport. They're awful good in Canada. They come around every so often and take a report of your troubles and if everything isn't goin' right, they fix it up for you. Don't make any difference what the matter is the mounted police will fix it somehow."

"Got a map of the vacant lands in your clothes, Mac?" inquired Billy—"one that's down to date, so I can pick out my homestead?"

"Nope! They don't have 'em. You see things change so fast up there with all the new folks comin' in that by the time they'd got one printed all fine and dandy it would be all wrong. You'll have to see some of the Government agents. After you've decided whether you want to ranch around Calgary, or raise wheat in Saskatchewan, or go in for mixed farming up by Edmonton, or lumbering around Prince Albert, or clerk in a hardware store in Winnipeg, you can begin to find out about the country in any of these districts, and get her narrowed down to a township or two, and then you can find out what lands are vacant there, and make your dicker. There's the new Peace River country, up northwest of Edmonton. It ain't really opened up yet, but it probably will be before so very long, and it's splendid country. There's farming settlements four hundred miles north of Edmonton now, and the surveyors are working up there running meridians this summer. There didn't used to be anything up there but a fur-trading post and a bunch of Sioux, but it's as fine country as a man would want to settle down in for the rest of his natural life."

"That's where they have the long days, isn't it?"

"Eighteen hours of sunshine to ripen the wheat, Billy. That's the place to grow your crops. You can read the newspaper at ten o'clock in the evening without a lamp, and you just ought to see the pictures of the garden stuff and the wheat and the oats and the barley they turn out. Talk about Kansas and Minnesota! They aren't in it!"

"Well, sir!" said Billy, rising to his feet, and hefting a big grip from the baggage-truck, "I guess I'll go. When do you leave?"

"I think I'm off about the first of next month," responded the big man.

"Take out a homestead for me, when you get up there, and I'll come."

"Can't do that, Billy, sorry to say. You have to make entry in person, or it's no good. I'll look around for you, though, and you'll have six months to perfect your entry. I'll give you any pointers you want, for I believe you're having the chance of your life right now."

"I'm glad you told me about it, old man," said the young fellow, extending a muscular hand. "Put it there! I'll begin to get ready right away, and I'll see you in Canada."

"So long, Billy, take care of yourself," called the depot agent after the boy, as he strode down the platform.

The conductor of the Prairie Traveler nodded to old Mac, and smiled.

"Good kid, ain't he?"

Mac straightened his shoulders proudly.

"You bet your life. You just watch him. If he don't go to that Canadian House o' Lords some day, I'll, I'll eat my quarter-section, sir, Good-night."

Mister Peters of the Bar-L

By Percy S. Howard

ERY hot? That's not half strong enough. It was simply scorching. There was not a breath of air, and the dust from the branding-pens lifted about three feet off the ground, hanging waist-deep and giving men and horses the appearance of emerging through a mountain cloud. All the boys were half dead with heat and exhaustion, and the mixture of dirt and perspiration gave us as dirty a look as coal-heavers.

We were branding the younger calves, and were doing the job on foot, having given up our horses. The little creatures seemed too hot to make much resistance, and only when the hot iron seared them would they give a beseeching cry to their anxious mothers who kept up a monotonous walk along the outside of the corral, each in her turn trying to force an entrance as the cry of her offspring reached her ears.

The afternoon was wearing away when Mr. Peters strolled up to see how the branding was progressing, artistic as usual with his white collar, English riding breeches and leather gaiters, all of which were a mortal sin in the eyes of the ranch boys.

Mr. William Peters was not a favorite. He had come from the East to take charge of the ranch in the absence of his brother, Long Pete, who had been the idol of the men, and who either was off on a prolonged tour, prospecting, or dead. At any rate he hadn't been seen at the ranch for over a month, and the boys were getting tired of the very Eastern gentleman who represented the visible authority at the Bar-L.

He came into the pen just as Harry and Grant were in the act of roping one of the larger calves. The rope dropped around the calf's hind legs with the usual sureness of Grant's throw, but a five-months old bull calf is no easy task for even two grown men to handle—and the amount of bellowing that calf did before he gave in was a credit to his family!

So much were the men taken up with the nervy little chap that no one noticed the unusual excitement in the herd of cattle outside, and not until the calf's mother thrust her body through the broken gate was the infuriated cow noticed. However, she was not bashful. She gave one hoarse bawl, lowered her head, and charged directly at Mr. William Peters.

That innocent gentlemen was standing with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, watching the man with the iron, and the first knowledge he had of his danger was the unanimous yell of the men who were fleeing in all directions,taking refuge on fences, sheds, and anywhere else out of reach. He had small time to choose his roost, but made a dive for the fence directly in front of him. With one bound he was astride it, but to the surprise and horror of us all, the cow charged straight at the fence, breaking and sending to the ground all but the top rail. Peters hung to that like grim death, shrieking a string of amateur curses and looking for all the world like a half-grown young crow out of its nest for the first time and clinging to a very shaky little branch.

The cow seemed to feel that she had not found the right article yet, so she turned, bellowed, and charged again, just grazing his boots, and eliciting an ear-splititng yowl from the unfortuate gentleman. The boys clung weakly to their perches, nobody having strength or inclination to interfere until the screeching Peters protested that he could last no longer.

Then Grant lassoed the cow, and soon brought her into submission, while Peters climbed down, and gasped his way back to the shanty.

The incident rather put the finishing touch on the boys' dislike of the boss.

"Why can't he eat meals with the outfit?" asked Shady Bill, gesticulating with a doughnut at supper time. "Seems to me like a feller might come in amongst his men in a God-forsaken place like this an' not put on Government House airs. 'T'aint as if he were somebody, 'cause if there's a feller here that ain't a better man nór him, he'd better go an' shoot himself. Why, he blatted like a blamed sheep when he was on top o' that rail with nothin' but a doggone cow after him."

Shady Bill was not accustomed to using so much oratory, but the crowd's feelings were thoroughly aroused, and sitting on their bunks after supper they tried to think up some scheme to cure their boss of his "stuck-up ways."

"Might put him on the blue roan. She'd buck him so high he'd come back with a map of Mars in his pocket, an' by the time he got back he'd be ready to eat the steers so long's he got himself filled up," remarked Rattlesnake Joe.

"He might meet a heifer when he got back an' not even have a top rail to hang on to. We don't want ter send him ter heaven for good—we'd miss him too keen," objected Kennedy with a grin.

Long River Tom turned his eyes pensively. "Take him out an' dump him in Salt Crick, an' tell him he's too fresh."

"Easy, easy, thar now, boys," remonstrated Shady Bill. "Don't be so radical. Le's jest give him a hint, like. He ain't a bad feller—he's jest got too many dumfool b'iled shirt notions. Take him out on the range an' lose him somewhere for a day or two, so'st he kin get up an appetite."

The idea was a good one, and the boys arranged then and there for a fake round-up in which all hands, even to the cook, would take part. Of course Peters wouldn't stay behind, and Shady Bill, with Harry Jacobs, was elected as Chief Boss-Loser. The two were to take Peters up into Devils' Coulee, which was a second Hole-in-the-Wall, and leave him there. It had but one entrance, and no one but an expert could possibly find his way in or out. It was a large place, some two miles long, and nearly as wide, tangled with brush and trees, and might have been a little Garden of Eden in that treeless waste, had there not been too much spear grass and too many rattlesnakes. Also the flies in the early summer months were beyond description. Altogether, the boys had chosen a nice place for their boss' vacation.

Fifteen minutes after breakfast next morning, everybody was in the saddle, cook as well as the rest. Some rode this way and some that. The cook rode around the stable, off-saddled, and went back to his kitchen. Peters, Shady Bill and Harry went off in a roundabout way towards the Coulee.

Peters being a tenderfoot, Shady Bill instructed him tenderly about the direction in which he was to ride, and branching out, the two boys left him in Devil's Coulee. They took a circle and met again at the opening, from where they rode back to camp. Most of the boys were waiting for news, with eager faces, and seemed disappointed that things had gone off so easily.

The day passed on like a Sunday. The boys lay around smoking and playing cards. Long River Tom and Sandy Grant had a little row with a bad horse or two. Hallelujah Sands invented an entirely new story about his ranching experience in Arizona, and everybody turned in early.

Next morning half a dozen of the boys hit out for Devil's Coulee after breakfast, while the rest of the camp stayed near enough home to be handy when the boss was found.

But finding the boss wasn't such an easy proposition, after half an hour's hunt the party split up and started out to beat the bush. Two hours later they met again, Grant leading Peters' mount limping with a bruised right leg and scratched nose. He had found the animal in the southwest corner of the Coulee, and without a word the men

set out for that quarter, saying nothing and looking at each other as little as possible.

The boss was lost, that was sure. He had probably fallen, which would account for the horse's injuries, and he might be lying anywhere with a broken arm or leg or neck.

We rode and looked and shook every bush in the Coulee for about an hour, and at last I heard a faint halloo to my right. Riding in that direction I soon met Shady Bill, and presently found Grant, Long River Tom, and the other boys standing beside the stretched out form of William H. Peters.

Dead? Oh no! After a little persuasion he sat up and then stood up. Hurt? Somewhat. Right side had sus—sustained several bruises, and his hand pained him slightly. Fell? Came a beastly cropper. Here Shady Bill smiled. Could he ride back to the house? With care, yes.

He seemed to have no suspicion of the trick played him, and was so grateful for our finding him that we felt ashamed of ourselves. After a somewhat painful ride back to the shanty, we laid him out on his cot and dressed his scratched side as well as we could.

"Sure ye ain't jammed up somewhere else?" asked Shady Bill at last.

"My hand pains me," answered Peters, smiling lop-sidedly. "Could I have gotten blood-poisoning?"

Shady Bill examined the hand.

"Aw, that ain't anything," he pronounced, and sauntered out of the room, giving us the wink to follow him. But when he was once outside his face changed.

"Boys," said he very gravely, "there's a little hole in that feller's palm, and its beginnin' to swell up. By Gad, boys, as sure as a heifer ain't a stud horse, that feller's been hit by a rattler."

A rattler! We looked at each other. And we were responsible.

"It ain't so bad ter see a feller die with an ounce o' lead in him, but ter see a cuss go off all on account of a damned old rattler, an' us guys responsible—say, what the devil are we to do?" asked Bill, thoroughly upset.

Nobody cared to answer the question. Everybody was thinking.

Tobacco juice was good to draw out poison. Whiskey was the best thing to drink. Presently Mr. William H. Peters had one and one-half bottles of Scotch in him, and a wad of tobacco as big as a baseball on the puncture. Harry was gone on the best horse to fetch the doctor who lived at One-Eye, fifteen miles away, and the boys sat around asking each other how they thought Peters was now at five minute intervals.

I looked in after awhile. Peters lay on the cot, deep in dreamland, breathing heavily and smelling like a distillery. Shady Bill and Rattlesnake Joe were kneeling by the cot, taking turns at sucking out the poison, while Blinky Smith sat beside, steadily chewing tobacco for a poultice. The "suckers," as the cook playfully called them, looked pretty well tired out, and said their heads felt like split cabbages. An old blanket was thrown over him, and two feet in striped socks hung pathetically over the end of the bed.

"Guess the p'ison's out by now," pronounced Bill, rising at last. "We might as well stop suckin' at it."

Joe rose up wearily, and after bandaging Peters' hand with two old shirts and a huge wad of chewed tobacco, we all went outside and sat down to wait for the doctor. It was not long before he came, and hurried into the cabin with a very grave look on his face.

"Lord!" said Grant savagely, tramping up and down before the door. And "Lord!" we all echoed mentally, waiting there in the hot afternoon sun for the doctor's verdict. We didn't like Peters yet, but we didn't want to have him up and die just on account of a practical joke.

Most of the boys walked around; others flung themselves face downward on the ground; the most uneasy of the bunch threw stones at the little gophers that peeped out of their holes as if they knew how miserable we were, and wanted to make fun of us.

"I want a couple of you boys," said the doctor, suddenly appearing at the

door of the shack. Everyone sprang forward, chorusing, "How is he, Doc?"

The doctor shook his head. "Can't tell yet," he said, and choosing Harry and I, returned to the sick man.

Peters was stripped to the waist, and in consequence of the tight bandaging on his hand and wrist, his arm had turned black nearly to the shoulder.

"When did this happen?" asked the doctor gravely. Our legs trembled as we explained the incident, and the doctor nodded thoughtfully, without a word. Finally Harry and I grew thoroughly impatient, and Harry burst out, "Can't you give us any hope, doctor. Ain't there a chance?"

"Couldn't say yet," responded the doctor. "Couldn't say," and with that we had to be content.

That was a wretched night. None of us turned in except the cook, who swore he wouldn't lose sleep for anybody, not even the Angel Gabriel himself. We lay around in groups and smoked ourselves into stupidity. The doctor told us that if Peters died, he would have to report our foolishness in town and let the law deal with us. It was not the law that troubled us, but the fact that the business had been too one-sided. Peters had not had a chance for his life, and if there is anything a Westerner likes, it is fairness. Shady Bill expressed the general feeling of the camp as usual.

"'T'ain't so bad to make a man pass in his checks on a square deal, but this here puttin' a feller in a dirty snake trap an' havin' him kick the bucket ain't what none of us here like. The blamed law can do jest as it likes for mine. Damned if I care. See?"

Shady Bill shoved his face within two inches of the doctor's whiskers as he went on record, and emphasized it with a thump of his fist on the table, but the doctor didn't seem properly impressed. He took two steps backward and began to laugh. Bill looked at him wrathfully.

"Now,what the hell are you laughin' at, you doggone, pug-faced coyote. It's a damned nice time for you to be lettin' off your ha-has, ain't it, you knock-kneed, wall-eyed, spavined, rat-tailed Rocky Mountain canary, you. You jest cut into that air room an' stop there till I tell you to come out, an' if I see your greasy old nose stickin' 'round the door post, I'll give it one o' these here," and to make his statement clearer Shady Bill loosed off a shot from each of his forty-five calibre Colts nearer the doctor's heels than agreed with that gentleman's dignity. He jumped four feet.

"For God's sake, don't shoot!" he shouted. "Your boss is all right."

"What's that?" said Shady Bill, steadying the six-shooters. "Peters all right? You're mighty nigh the book o' the recordin' angel to be tellin' extry lies."

"He's all right, I tell you," persisted the thoroughly angry doctor. "It wasn't a snake bite at all—just a splinter he got in his finger, but you darn fool galoots thought you were so clever you deserved a good scare."

Shady Bill lowered the Colts, without a word, and the boys made one unanimous movement in the direction of the shanty. Peters was sitting up with a seven-foot grin on his face, faintly visible in the early dawn.

"Hello, boys!" he remarked as we trooped in. "You nearly gave me the horrors with all the booze you poured into me yesterday. I don't know whether I saw more snakes than you did, or not," and then he and the doctor laughed like two children, while we quietly faded away.

The doctor didn't stay for breakfast, however—said he had a pressing engagement in town, but Peters came out and ate with the outfit in a casual everyday sort of way. After that rattler episode the boys called him Snake-bite Bill, and the boss and the ranch were the best kind of pals. We were darned sorry when Long Pete ambled in from Vancouver with the marks of a two months romp on him, and his brother put on the white collar and hiked back to the East once more.

OUR GARDENS OF HESPERIDES

The Welcome of the Cities

Edmonton

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

"THE Golden Fleece is far to seek," they said,
Those old adventurers, sad and travel-worn;
"Yea, very far," and laid them down and died.
The Spaniard sought for Youth till he was old
Among the Southern groves; but we are wise,
And through our silver birches gleam the homes
Of our adventurers who come to dwell
Among our Gardens of Hesperides.

Eastward we look where stretch the silver rails
Across the prairies, shining in the sun;
Westward we look where brood the ancient hills;
Northward we marvel o'er a virgin land;
And in the quiet dusk we turn to hear
Our children laughing where the war-whoop rung.

Happiness Valley

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

Editor of The National Magazine

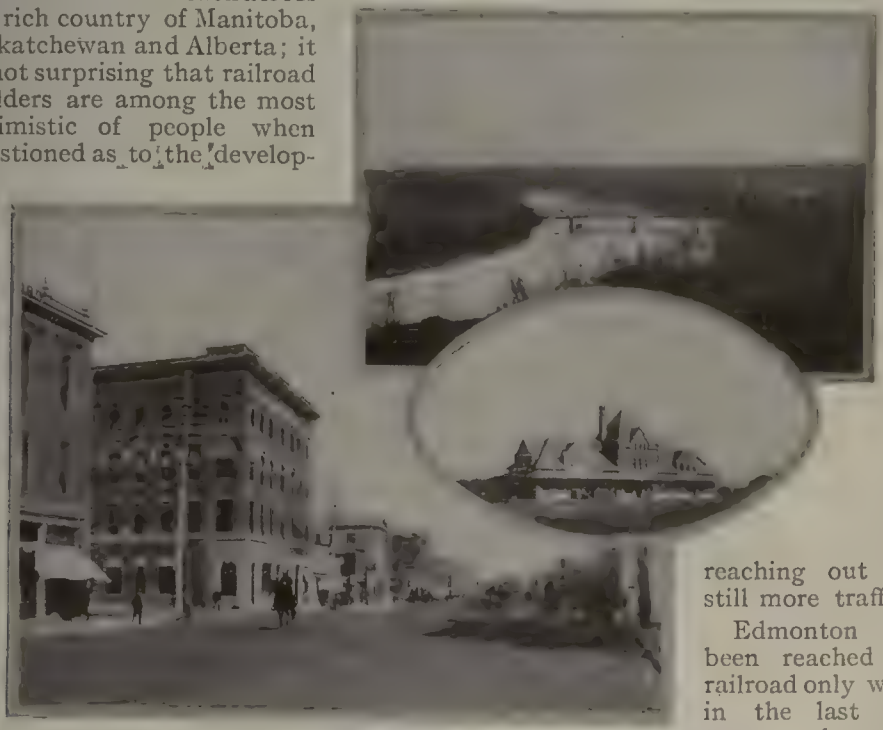
IT was Manitoba, the first of the wheat-growing provinces of the West, that made Winnipeg and enabled her to assume the position she holds to-day. Here, in summer one understands why the wheat grows as it does and why last year's average yield per acre was more than twenty-one bushels. Through the long summer day the sun shines straight down through a thin, clean atmosphere that serves precisely the functions of a glass roof over a hothouse. It is for all the world like being in a big conservatory. The nights are cool and harden the grain.

Manitoba is well settled. Two streams of immigration flowing in from the States went northward and westward over the prairie country until the heavily wooded northern section was reached. This deflected the newcomers to the westward through the Saskatchewan Valley. There have been many names suggested for the Valley of the Big River, but "Happiness Valley" fits it best. From the scrap of a log-and-clay shack in a six-house town to the biggest ranch among its golden wheat-fields, contentment and courage and faith and hope are there. Happiness Valley it surely is, and Happiness Valley it will be until the last harvest is gathered, and the Angel Gabriel checks up the grand total.

When you mention Saskatchewan Valley you must assert that it is the special pride and preserve of the Canadian Northern Railway,—pronounced C & R, which means "See and Rush." This road has been extending at a rapid rate during the last few years, conducting a great tide of immigration into the fertile basin of the great Valley. Here, not only have mammoth crops been raised, pouring wealth into the hands of the tillers of the soil, but new social structures have been erected and new ideas have taken firm root. With hundreds and hundreds of rising towns along the line of the Canadian Northern, from Edmonton to Winnipeg, to say nothing of the wide-reaching

branches built up in two years past, this district forms an exhibit which no railroad in the world can surpass, for these embryo cities are built to stay. A few hundred prairie settlers have grown as if by magic into a quarter million souls and two great new provinces.

Incessantly extending its capacity, this road is still fairly overburdened with traffic, although twenty-five hundred miles of steel reach across the rich country of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; it is not surprising that railroad builders are among the most optimistic of people when questioned as to the develop-



EDMONTON

ment of the country, past, present or future. The peculiarity of Canadian railroads is that they go where the people are, rather than build on the chance of the people coming and settling later. They run cross-lines, cross and criss-cross, through country already settled but longing for the coming of the railroad. The Canadian Northern has been a nation builder, though in reality it is itself one of the products of the country. Built almost without gradients, it draws along its level road-bed a great tide of immigration.

A mile of road every day for nine years has been the record of this company, which has come into close touch with the settlers and municipalities, and has considered all interests in developing the rich heritage which awaits the people of the Northwest. The time-tables, with their list of stations, include a goodly representation for every letter in the alphabet; no lack of originality there. Radiating from the main line are many branches reaching out for still more traffic.

Edmonton has been reached by railroad only within the last two years when the Canadian Northern came in. This is one of the big fur depots of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company has been in here for years, and now it has a competitor in Revillon Freres, whose trappers are working over the same territory with the older company.

On the high hills above the river on which the city is built the prospect is pleasing to the eye. In the river below there are gold dredges seeking to extract the precious dust from the sands of the river. "Farthest North" is the centre of a rich farming district instead of a "jumping-off place". The

fields are diversified by frequent pieces of timber land. Coming north to Edmonton over the miles of flat prairie dotted with raw frontier towns, the contrast is striking.

Nor is it any hotter in Chattanooga to-day than it is here, thousands of miles to the north. After you come within the zone of the warm winds from the Japan current, latitude ceases to be a factor in making temperature. While the town is new, the contrasts are startling. Within rifle shot of a railroad passenger office that could not be distinguished from the most spacious one on lower Broadway, I came upon an Indian family on their travels. First came the squaw pulling the head of a reluctant piebald pack pony. The second pony was drawing a *travois* loaded with an outfit and surmounted by a baby. On the third pony was an Indian girl with the lead-line of another pack pony, and bringing up the rear, without burden or responsibility, was the old Indian who was the head of the outfit. They were travelling across country to visit friends and paid not the slightest heed to our comments or presence.

STACKING HAY

Edmonton had but 1,500 or 2,000 people in 1898, when the rush to the Yukon gave the town its first impetus to a larger growth. Notwithstanding, four years later the population had not increased. The Hudson's Bay Company had had a trading post at Edmonton for more than a hundred years, but the Saskatchewan River was the only outlet to the world. Freights were prohibitive. A keg of nails was worth $50. The greatest need of the town was a railroad. Finally, less than two years ago, the railroad came. To-day, Edmonton, with 16,000 souls, is the third city of the prairie west.

The stock thrive on the rich, nutritious grass, and are kept out during the winter without any protection, roaming at large. No one seems to think of such a thing as putting up any hay or shelter for them through the cold months.

Mr. Obed Smith, the Dominion Commissioner of Immigration, advises me that homesteads may be obtained from ten to thirty miles from the C. N. R. on any part of its main line West and branches. The slogan of the Dominion Government immigration campaign is "Free farms of 160 acres."

Leaving Edmonton the line swings to the north to avoid the Beaver Hills which are soon seen lending outline to the east, and at Fort Saskatchewan crosses the north branch of the river.

The Company has designed a steel bridge to span the river at this point (known as the fourth crossing of the Saskatchewan), seventy-two feet from rail to average water level, and 760 feet in length length between abutments, divided into four spans of 190 feet each. This bridge also has accommodation for vehicular traffic.

Journeying southwesterly the homesteads are newer, for the road has been open to Edmonton only a short time but on both sides of the line are many houses in the course of erection for the land is well taken up in this district.

Vermilion and Vegreville are cities of great ambitions, surrounded by many splendid farms, and the finest grazing country in the world. A farmer near Vegreville, digging a well, came upon a clay of peculiar appearance and texture, which is very plentiful throughout this province—a large brick manufacture has resulted; and these bricks are much used in building up the new towns of the Northwest. Lloydminster, located exactly on the boundary line between Alberta and Saskatchewan, is a British colony

brought from the West of England, and retaining the accent, expressions and customs of the old country, though permeated with something of the sturdy pluck and thrift of the prairie.

Stretching across the country from the Hudson Bay to the Pacific Ocean is the largest pulpwood timber region in the world and is tapped at many of its Southern extremities by lumber companies who supply building material to the settlers at very reasonable prices.

Crossing the handsome Saskatchewan bridge, we drove on to North Battleford, near which is located Battleford, formerly the capital of the Northwest Territory. North Battleford has set out with great purposes, and the land office is kept busy platting the rich soil whereon the townsite is located. Farther on, we passed through numerous growing towns and beautiful wheat land and also the district settled by the Doukhobors.

At Warman, named after the famous railroad story writer Cy Warman, a Canadian Northern branch runs to Prince Albert, the terminus in Saskatchewan. This town has felt the thrill of growth, and the opening of the new country to the northwest still goes on. A few miles farther south is Saskatoon, already an important wholesale center. When one looks at the map and sees the great Saskatchewan wheat belt reaching north for a thousand miles, and finds Saskatoon at the center of the largest area of wheat lands in the world something of its prospects may be realized.

East of Warman the South Saskatchewan is crossed by a steel bridge which at ordinary level of the water is 85 feet high. The site of this bridge then known as Clark's Crossing was the scene of a fierce battle between Her Majesty's soldiers and the half breed followers of Louis Riel.

East of Warman on to Humbolt, the country is rolling and beautiful to see. Scores of pretty little lakes are to be seen from the car windows. In summer these lakes are literally alive with ducks and other wild water fowl.

On to the east is Humbolt, which I shall always remember as the place where I went out with a traveling man to find "a bachelor's button." Not a flower, mark you, but a plebeian button to be put on without needle and thread. The thrifty housewives of that new city evidently don't use these modern appliances for the single man; for though every other kind of button was offered us, not a bachelor's button could we find, though some of the shopmen facetiously suggested a shingle-nail as a means of repairing, where a fellow did not know enough to use a needle and thread.

I now traveled through the eastern part of the Quill Plains country. The soil here is a rich dark loam, lighter than the soil of Manitoba, easier to work, warmer, and it can be worked earlier, partly because we are still in the wake of the warm chinook winds and partly because the season opens earlier as you go west and northwest from Winnipeg.

Far to the South I can see Quill Lake, and beyond the dark outline of the Touchwood Hills. A little farther on to the right lies Spirit Lake, from whose silent shores myriads of wild cranes rise and spread their wide white wings in the gleam of the headlights of passing locomotives. Doubtless these were the spirits seen by the American Indians who gave the lake its strange name.

This is a region where in the fall many sportsmen enjoy a few days shooting of the prairie chicken, sometimes known as the Canadian grouse. Game laws have been successful in preventing the destruction of this excellent prairie fowl and the bird is found in large numbers throughout the West, but nowhere more plentifully than in this district..

Crossing from Saskatchewan to Manitoba, the boundary 256.4 miles from Winnipeg, I entered a more broken country, winding along the gentle bluffs overlooking deep, wide and attractive valleys, threaded by clear, cool streams of running water. This the upper Assiniboine Valley is an ideal ranching district.

At Dauphin, begins the Prince

Albert branch, which circling far to the north, taps the famous Carrot River country, where few farms have been under cultivation for a quarter of a century with never a drought nor a failure from any cause, which facts are attracting a great number of the best class of settlers to the region served by this northern branch.

Swan River, 100 miles north of Dauphin on this line, was the first capital of the Northwest Territories and the first headquarters of the police. In this region are great strawberry fields. Berries from Swan River are shipped as far south at Winnipeg.

Every town and village has its Board of Trade which is a self-appointed Trade Vigilance committee and goes after the "Knockers," and the citizen with cobwebs in his head is soon shoved aside.

An effort is being made by the United States to stem the tide of immigration with the assurance that "There is as good land to be had at home as anywhere." "That may be true" says the enthusiast, "but the relative value of the land, as to what it will actually produce for a given quality of work and outlay—these bear no comparison with the new lands of the West."

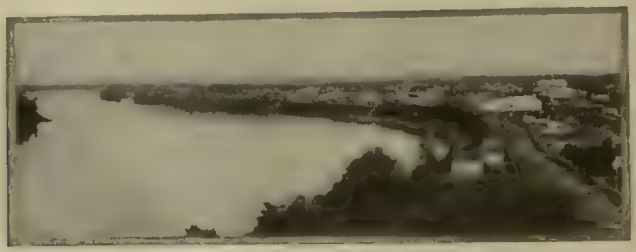
But even if this were not so, there are persons who are born pioneers; who love the excitement of the new country, and the joy that comes from overcoming obstacles in the formation of new settlements. The land is being settled more quickly than it can be surveyed by the government, and the farmers are requesting the official survey, in order that their title to the land may be firmly established.

We hear the plaint of the land men, asserting that there is only so much land on earth left for ownership. They figure it all out at such a ratio per head, until it makes a fellow feel he really ought to hie him to the West and grab a piece before it is all gone. This desire acquires new force while one is looking at these vast tracts, the owner ship of which is now so easily secured. It seems that the Anglo-Saxon always finds a way to settle the country sooner or later, even though it has been heretofore passed by as untenable.

This last western frontier of the Northwest was never overrun with hostile Indians, nor is there any sun-scorched desert or alkaline plains to make the journey in the prairie schooner anything but a pleasure excursion—very different from the old pioneers' experience in crossing the plains in the days of Sitting Bull, Black Kettle and Rain-in-the-Face.

Taken, all in all, from the Saskatchewan's headwaters near the great Howse Pass in the Rockies to its last sandbar on Lake Winnipeg, there is no more promising and performing valley in the world. Wheat field follows wheat field, farm follows farm, pasture follows pasture, veins of minerals score the high banks, fish leap in its waters, white steamers ply among its currents, and the canoes of the fur-traders shoot the rapids of its headwaters. The long strings of "empties" crawl towards the misty mountain skyline and crawl back laden with the wheat, the ore and the cattle of the New North.

He who would go seeking the Blue Flower of Joy like the knight in the old tale, need search no further than Happiness Valley, for here it may be seen in the eyes of the people.



By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

The Partridge

By R. W. Dunlop

THE partridges live along the banks of the creeks, ravines and rivers of the province. They prefer the low thickets of branching willow to any other shelter, so when you want a good bag of the shy birds, you must climb and crawl and dodge and sneak and worm your way through the acrid tangle of interlaced willow sprays along the stream.

But patience is the cardinal virtue of a sportsman, and presently you hear the challenge, "Chick! Chick! Chick!" of a brown vedette hidden among the leaves. If you pass on, there will be nothing more said, but should you intrude further you will hear an indignant "Ip-ip-ip!" and a protesting "Pr-urrrr-ip!" The leaves rustle and the bird has gone. But not flown you console yourself, and crawl through the branches cautiously, expecting to see him under your feet at every step.

One of the peculiarities of partridges is that they are never at the spot you expect, and after some beating about, you retrace your steps and try again. You listen. There is a patter of little feet on leaves. He is still there. Through the shrub you hump yourself with deadly determination to find that bird or perish in the attempt. You are perfectly sure he is within a radius of ten feet. You know that you are going to get him. You are so sure that you put down your blunderbuss, light your pipe and let your face loosen up. You take two steps forward in an absent sort of way, when—"Burr-rurrr-up!"—the whole solar system heaves up under your feet. For eight seconds your are sure you have stepped on the tail of a bear; for two seconds your mind does a mad loop-the-loop; for three seconds you are busy swallowing your heart. At the end of thirteen seconds, it dawns upon you that it was the partridge, and that the partridge has flown.

It takes a cool nerve, a quick eye, and the knowledge of experience to wing a partridge in the scrub. He rises so unexpectedly and so noisily that you are taken unawares and unprepared. You are startled and bewildered, and find a difficulty in getting your gun into action quick enough. Besides, his flight is peculiar and startling. He rises quickly at an angle of about 45 degrees to a height of some ten feet; then shoots down at a rocking angle of about thirty degrees, making a sudden turn just before alighting. Then he runs.

Some windy day in November you will feel the call of the savage in your blood, and taking your gun, will go forth to seek and to kill. You will not be particular as to the kind of game you get, but will shoot on sight.

This mood is not suitable for the open fields, but leads you into the dark and sheltered places. You feel at least a second cousin to the wolf. Along the shelter of the fence you sneak, and down into the ravine where the dead leaves are thick under foot and the branches close overhead. It is warm down here in the hollow, and in the chill of later November the wild things shelter themselves in its covert. You move quietly, every nerve alert, your senses preternaturally sharpened.

Presently a little rabbit—a very little rabbit—is startled from his shelter beneath an old log, and jumps out to investigate. He stands about

ten feet from you, and looks you over mildly and reproachfully, wiggling his nose. Click—swish—snap! your gun swings into line, and the little rabbit will never investigate the suspicious rustle of leaves again.

The underbrush gets thicker, and in a moment you find half a dozen partridges sitting sleepily together in the shelter of a thick willow bush. Your eye takes in the situation coldly. You move to one side, and get four of them in your line of fire. When the smoke lifts a little you see a fluttering mass of leaves and feathers before you, and two birds still bewilderedly upright and motionless. Again you fire. Then you step forward masterfully and gather up the birds. They are a good deal mangled, but they are dead, and that is the principle thing in your present mood.

Few persons have ever found a partridge's nest. A miser hiding his gold is open and generous compared to the mother partridge in the egg mood. You may detect her returning from feeding, and about to go on her nest, but sneak and crawl after her as craftily as you can, you will not find the golden eggs.

The nest is made of grass on the ground near some old log or stump. The place abounds in miscellaneous underbrush. The eggs, from ten to fourteen in number, are a grayish drab with numerous irregular dark spots. The tiny, dead-leaf-color partridges are wonderfully clever in hiding. Strolling through the woods in June you may suddenly be surprised by the mother partridge flying up in your face, looking as large as a gobbler, and making as much noise as a waterfall, while a dozen little brown balls duck under leaves, chips, and any other sort of cover with a tiny cheep. The little hen then drops to the ground, flutters her wings, and cries pitifully. She flutters again, falls over mortally wounded, and struggles away feebly. You rush forward to pick her up, but she just manages to flap away a little further and lies panting on the leaves. You just miss her again. You feel sure you can catch her, but somehow you don't. You are going to grasp her feathers at the next step, when lo! she rises on strong wings and darts in one sweep out of sight.

You realize that you have been sold, and cheaply, too, at the price. Never mind, you will go back and capture the twelve chicks. You find the place easily in about ten steps, get down on your knees and carefully feel the ground all over. Shakespeare says, "Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes." He must have overlooked the man who searches for young partridges. Although you feel all stuck full of eyes and ears and hands and humped backs, you'll be darned if you can find one young partridge. So you turn sorrowfully away and let it go at that.

There is something friendly in partridge nature if it is not deceived. The birds will live quite near your buildings if you do not molest them; and make themselves quite at home around your stable door and upon your grain stacks. They relish a diet of grains, and will eat anything from oats to wheat or barley.

They habitually feed about an hour before sunset, coming out of the bush into the open when food can be found there; if not, feeding on the willow-buds and woodland berries. Occasionally a partridge may be found feeding in the early afternoon or even in the morning, but the usual meal hour is that just preceding darkness.

The semi-domesticated bird of the farm-yards is plumper and of finer flesh than his wild brother, who remains in Nature's silent places. His flesh is flavored with the tinctures of his barks and balsams, his wild grasses and rank berries, and appeals only to the palate of those gypsies who prefer the camp-kettle of the open to the silver and cut-glass of the Royal Alexandra. And if you chance to be kin to the Romany Chals, you know with the gypsy that "Life is sweet, brother There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath."

The Minister's Thanksgiving

By W. Everard Edmond

I HAD reached the little railway town late at night, too late to visit that herald and pillar of civilization, the village barber. Accordingly the next morning found me wending my way down the street to the sign of the striped pole. As I entered the door of the little shop, the sound of a church bell struck my ear.

"Not Sunday, is it?" I asked the "artist" as he took my hat.

"Sunday! No sir, we don't keep open on the Sabbath," he responded, giving me a look of mingled rebuke and suspicion.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed the next moment. "You mean the church bell! Why, this is Thanksgiving Day and that is the first bell for service. It's a great day with us here, sir. In fact, it was a Thanksgiving Day service that made this town what it is."

After six months with a survey party it was good to hear a new voice again, and I asked for the story. The knight of the shears selected a pair of clippers, cleared his throat, and began.

"Well, sir, it was this way. Five years ago a minister and his wife came out here from the East. Not much of a place to come to then, sir; one general store, one hotel, a blacksmith's shop, and about half a dozen rough shacks, that was the size of it then. I hadn't started up then, but was cookee at the hotel. I remember the day the minister came. It was a cold day in March and he didn't get what you might call a warm reception. Old Pete the stage-driver brought them over from the railway, forty miles away, and there wasn't a soul to meet them.

"But that young couple had come up here to stay, and stay they did. They had a little shack put up, and they held services there until in the fall the school-house was built. It must have been pretty heart-breaking work, but they were the cheerfullest couple you ever saw. They never complained, in fact, I don't believe they knew how.

"One Sunday in November the Pilot made us sit up by saying that the following Thursday being Thanksgiving Day, a service would be held in the schoolhouse at eleven o'clock, and he would be glad if any friends would come up the night before and help decorate. The collection would go towards the building of a church.

"I'll tell you sir, this notion of the Pilot's didn't strike any particularly responsive chord in our hearts. The cattle had turned out badly, and money was mighty scarce. However, on Wednesday night three or four of us went over to the schoolhouse with a sheaf of oats, a few turnips and pumpkins, and a bag of potatoes, and before long we had the place looking quite festal-like. When we had finished, we all went down to the 'Queen's.'

"It was a frosty night and we found quite a crowd gathered around the big stove. Our arrival seemed to disturb the general meeting, and Big Bill, the blacksmith, began to josh us about our 'aidin' and abettin' the parson in his foolishness.' Old Pete the stage-driver said that after such a rotten season as that we had just passed through it was nothing short of a crime. Pete found plenty of supporters, and when some one said that he had inside information that the railroad intended to give us the go-by and put the right-of-way through the German settlement to the North of us, the language, sir, was enough to make the baseburner ashamed of itself.

"Suddenly a big man in the corner—he had come in on the stage that afternoon—rose and looked, out of the window.

"'Look! What's that?' he cried. 'A fire!'

"We looked once and rushed for the door. As we ran up the street somebody yelled, 'Fire! Fire! The minister's shack's on fire!' But we were too late. The fire had got a good start and in half an hour the little wooden shanty was a heap of ashes. In the meantime the minister and his wife had come up from old Mrs. Grenfell's where they had been when the fire broke out, and we tried to tell them how sorry we felt. Though the Pilot's face was white, he thanked us with a smile, and said he hoped to see us all at the service in the morning. Then he and his wife went off with Big Bill who offered to put them up for the night.

"When we got back to the hotel, it was some time before anyone spoke, but at last old Pete shifted his quid of Granger Twist and drawled, 'Well, boys, we've been talking about bad times, but for real, genuine, downright, all-fired hard-luck, the Pilot has us all beat to a standstill. An' he's goin' to have his service just the same. Now if that isn't pure grit, I don't know what it is. If religion does that for a man, I guess it's up to us to support it to a finish.'

"'Right you are, Pete!' said the store-keeper who had joined us after the fire. 'Our minister's a man of the right stamp and it's due to us to back him up. He said last Sunday that the collection would be towards building a new church, but I guess he needs a house a good deal more than we need a church, and here's fifty dollars to start the list.'

"'And here's another fifty to cover yours,' said Pete. 'Who's the next man?'

"Well, that started the ball rolling, and would you believe it, sir, in twenty minutes we had three hundred dollars. The stranger who had been taking it all in got up and said, 'Gentlemen, not being a resident of this town, I suppose I might excuse myself, but the fact is, I'm getting interested in the place. See if you can get more names on your list to-morrow, and I'll double whatever you raise before the service.'

"At half-past ten next morning we met at the Queen's Hotel, and found that three hundred and seventy-five dollars had been collected. The stranger wrote out a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, slipped it in an envelope and handed it to Jones, the store-keeper.

"I need not tell you about that service, sir. It was great. Before giving out the number of the closing hymn the Pilot reminded us that the collection would be devoted to starting a church-building fund, and said the amount would be announced at the close of the service While we sang, Jones and Big Bill passed the plates, counted the collection, and handed it over to the Pilot. When the last verse had been sung, the Pilot's face was white and he seemed to find it hard to speak.

"'Friends,' he began, 'I find the collection this morning amounts to one thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. It is wonderful, and I thank you all. Mr. Jones tells me that one thousand, one hundred and twenty-five of this amount is for me to build myself a new house with and only twenty-five dollars is for the new church. I cannot try to express how deeply I feel your kindness to myself, but friends, I cannot take this money. I cannot take back my word that this morning's collection is to be devoted to the Master's service in building a new church. Thank God, we can begin building at once.'

"You may be sure, sir, we were struck all of a heap by the Pilot's speech. Big Bill rose to enter a protest, but the stranger was on his feet first.

"'My friends,' he said, addressing the congregation, 'I want to congratulate you on having for your minister a real man of God. I know you are disappointed that your pastor will not accept your contributions for himself; but in the end you would have been more disappointed if he had failed in his duty. I admire you my friends, for what you have done. I admire your action, sir,' turning to the Pilot, 'and

I wish to make a substantial expression of my admiration. You, sir, need a home; no minister should be without one. Allow me to place here my cheque for one thousand dollars, which is not to be included in the collection.'

"'You will wonder, friends, why I, an utter stranger, should take such an interest in your affairs It is easily explained. I like your spirit of enterprise and resource, and what I have heard and seen here since I came to your town has decided a question I came here to solve. The new railway will run through this town—not through the German settlement. This is on good authority, for I am the vice-president.'

"He sat down, and the minister's wife started the Doxology. We tried to sing, but our hearts were too full. Five years ago! It seems like yesterday.

"There you are, sir. This is my last job for to-day, for there is the second bell, and I wouldn't miss a Thanksgiving service to shave King Edward himself."

The First Link in the Chain

By Edward Angus

"AND the world moves on." General Manager Morse's private car has been out over the first finished division of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Portage la Prairie to Rivers, and the speed recorder registered a mile a minute over the new track.

Most of the American Railways in the West were built hurriedly, two furrows plowed across the prairie or desert, the ties thrown down and the loose dirt tamped under them, then division after division would be turned over to the operating department and the track finished between trains, so eager were the builders to reach tide water on the Pacific. The Grand Trunk Pacific are building and finishing as they go, and when this first division is turned over to the operating department they will be able, this autumn, to whirl wheat cars, those dark red revenue earners, along the new line with the speed of an express train.

The writer has just had the pleasure of riding over the first finished division with General Superintendent Winter, on his track motor.

West of Portage the line lies straight and level for thirty odd miles, then there are a few light curves, a long trestle spanning a valley and another tangent over which the future limited trains will fly "as a pigeon flies." But the best thing and the thing that counts most for speed and comfort in travel, as well as for economy in operation, is the fact that it is practically a level line throughout the length of the wheat district, for, after all, wheat is what counts in Canada.

And all the way the biscuit-colored ballast is spread smooth and wide along the main line and the sidings as well, and you would never know, if you were not told, that you were travelling over a track that was just being finished for fast trains. And while John Riordon, the track expert, is putting the polish and the pumice on the first section, the track laying machine that great mechanical civilizer, is spitting steel and shooting ties out along the grade to the West, and, at the end of each day the skeleton track reaches out toward Saskatoon, the half-way house, so to speak, between Winnipeg and Edmonton.

It is expected that before the frost interferes with the work the road will have reached its steel fingers to this

metropolis of the great Saskatchewan valley, quickening and giving life to this already exceedingly lively little city. It is a great transformation and the changes already wrought in the Canadian West by reason of the building of this new national highway are really wonderful. Where, but three years ago, when the path-finders dragged their chains through the waving wild grass, there was only silence and the sighing winds, new homes are being built, and new towns are being born which will become cities at no distant date.

The fields of our West are wide and our Western wilderness wider, but pioneers and empire builders are furrowing the fields and the Trans-Continental Railway is waking the wilderness and will bring to the makers of these new homes, the products of this wilderness.

It is indeed interesting to mark this march of empire. In the yards of Portage la Prairie temporary stations, perfect little houses, are being built and placed upon flat cars, to be side-tracked at the various sidings. The central part of the little station is used for the waiting room. One end cut off by a counter that crosses the car-shaped room, fences away the operator's desk and table—the ticket office. At the other end of the room ten feet is cut off which makes the operator's or agent's sleeping room.

As fast as permanent stations are built these flat-car depots are moved on to the front—and so the line is being finished and the West is being civilized.

The Witch-wife's Charm

By M. Gilman

As I walked down the breezy lane—the birds a-singing free—
There came along an old witch-wife, and shrilly called to me:

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said; "Oh, buy a charm of me
To chain thy sweetheart to thy side though he is on the sea."

"I will not do it, dame," I said. "If false at heart he be,
I'd rather have a charm to keep his face far, far from me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid," she said, "Oh, buy a charm of me
To break the curse of foes of thine who might work ill to thee."

"I will not do it, dame," I said. "If foul of heart they be,
A deeper curse is laid on them than aught they lay on me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid," she said, "a potent charm of me
To bind for aye thy friend's strong heart in love and faith to thee,"

"I will not do it, dame," I laughed. "The charm could never be
Can make or break the chain that binds my friend's strong heart to me."

The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one. Mr. Worth, through jealousy, gives Wytcherly orders to return to Chicago. Romaine undertakes the arrangements of the stag dinner to the New Yorkers.

(*To be continued in the October number*)

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE SHIP OF DEATH

THEY planned a long last day together, and the day answered their expectancy. The air was sweet, the heavens soft, and no wind blew. They wandered in the morning by the shore and in the afternoon they penetrated to the recesses of the woods.

Oh, she was gay throughout those final hours—lightly she disported underneath their threat. She jested and she teased; with red lips she mocked him, and then with her eyes repented. And as she walked she caroled snatches of gay song.

She plucked a scarlet flower of the woods—the short-lived blooms are brilliant under the high North—and stayed her steps to show the beauteous thing.

"Promise me, promise me, Jack Wytcherly," she prayed, upturning the pale flower of her face, "that, when I send for you, and if I do, you will come quickly, you will not wait." Her eyes importunate yet held him off. "It is not hopeless, if only we be true. I'm plotting for us both.—Then tell me you do wish it, will it, even as I do!"

When he asked if she had need to ask, she said: "I ask because you are a man, and of a man is any woman sure?"

And when he responded to her piteous regard in terms that were superlative, she gave him one deep look. "I am so glad, so glad," she said.

And sighing her content, she turned to lead the way. "Leave all to me," she called, "leave all to me." And in sudden access of elation like a strong young girl she skipped along the forest trail.

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He overtook her in a sylvan glade, where like a panting nymph she awaited the pursuer. Her eyes were hazel stars, her burning cheeks confided to the air the fervour of her blood. She leaned against a grey green trunk.

But startled by his nearness, she moved off, once more the leader, he the led.

Yet, as she went, she threw across her shoulder words: "Oh, believe me, we will win. I know, I know! You shall come into your own; for I, I am the one for you, to wed with you, to make of you a man."

Then sudden fear of what her tongue had spoken drove her in a panic, and down the meandering path, in and out the stems, as if wings fluttered at her heels she fled.

A treacherous creeper stayed the flight. But, as she stumbled to her knees, she resourcefully pretended that she had stooped to search the ground, and, when he stood over her, she had ready in her palm a sprig for him to see.

"Fall's herald," she said dolourously.

He respectfully surveyed the crisped and red-brown tiny leaves.

"The change is come," she explained. "I scented it this morning, when I first awoke. The span of summer is so brief up here—the flowers flourish, and overnight they die."

And she led the way home mournfully.

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They sat the evening in the gallery and she was still oppressed.

Fog brooded upon the water. The thickness masked the lake, it muffled sound, it seemed to press the forest back remotely from the beach. The gallery became marooned, and the intrusive loneliness crept between their chairs. While mysteriously from the bosom of obscurity rolled in three times a minute a deep sullen wave, which without preface emerged from the vapour's flank to break with suffocated growl.

"Tomorrow," she lamented, "tomorrow at this time I shall be sitting here alone, and you, you will be gone far out."

"However hard, 'twill not be long—we'll not allow it to be long," he comforted.

She paid no heed. "Oh, that Chicago!" she burst forth. "I can see her, I can see her now." She stared into the wall of fog.—"Chicago squats there on the marge, the monster, the enormity! I can sight her baleful fires, I can scent the odium of her evil smells. She reeks, she is an offense to heaven, I swear!"

Half arisen from her seat, one hand tightened on his shoulder, the other gestured histrionically towards the lake. "There! She attracts; you feel her force; she draws you as a magnet; she will nail you to her breast. Round and round you will be swirled, far from my reach, out of my arms!"

He drew her down into the chair, soothing her with fond protestations and precious sweet words.—Finally: "You are as if obsessed by your own conjuring, are you not? My Chicago's not so bad."

"I hate her," she declared.

"When you might love her if you but knew."

"She is the great devouring brute."

"That and something else. She is a city dowered as was Athens with a tolerance, divine, to shelter every folly and harbour every wisdom. To the world she may seem ludicrous at times; but her children love her, respect her daring and her force, have faith that out of Nazareth beauty and power shall arise."

"What credulity!" she murmured, moved by his eloquence but unconvinced by his plea. Then almost sharply she dissented: "But I am not modern, I am opposed to modern. At heart I am an aristocrat, a feudalist, as unreconciled as ever my proud mother was. So, though I fail to accept the loveliness of your Chicago, you will pardon me."

As once before he asked: "How is it that you can bring yourself to consort with me, who am a pleb, a commoner? How do I exceed my city whom you hate?"

A soft hand stopped his mouth. 'Listen!" she bade. "The *you* to *me*: that *you* is a lovely, baffled spirit, the finest spirit of a man that I have known, delicate, divining, instinctively distinguished, capable of ardent flights. For *you*, to make the *you* what you were designed to be, I'd sacrifice my life, my name, my immortality!"

She leaned to rest her head against his arm. "I am not an aristocrat for nothing," she said haughtily. "I am not afraid. I do as I like, like where I'm inclined, dare as I desire. As for your origin, your bringing-up, your manners even (although, dear man your manners are exquisitely natural) —what have they to do with it? I could ignore them, were it necessary, more easily than could your Yankee woman with her proprieties and niceties. And if I find in you a personality that charms, a body that I love to touch, a soul of which I stand in awe, what besides, in heaven's name, should I demand?"

She whispered: "You may put your arm about me if you will.—Now I will tell you what I am resolved, if the worst befall, if we are stopped. This is my cottage on my own land. So, if there be no better way, come here; come hither this winter. Bring me your poems—we will write poems, grander poems than you ever wrote before. Drop quietly out of your world, and hither post to me. Winter, like a friend, will 'leaguer us, and we'll make the winter count. Then, if we fail, we will at least have lived, have had our fling, our little day. So we have that, why let the deluge come! It comes soon anyhow."

The moon rose gradually. They watched its beams like skillful knives cut the cordage of the fog which lifted as if released. They witnessed the enameling of the waves, the brightening of a million little crests with silver.

In felicitous low voice she sang him songs of her own, words of longing for her own land put by her to plaintive airs. She sang with artless art. And he, whose whole life had been vain longing after beauty, immaculate, without flaw, lo, he was surprised by beauty unawares.—A beautiful woman singing in the night, singing in the moonlight by the margin of a lake, singing to capture him she loved!

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Some cloud obscured the moon, whose light fell only now in patches miles apart upon the lake. The two had risen to their feet and stood together by the rail.

—"Look!" Her fingers closed convulsively upon his arm. "Look! It is a death ship stealing by."

He saw. On the face of the black water across a pallid, moonlit streak, like a shadow picture on a screen, without sound or stir of life, a skeleton, a ship! Black, blacker than the water out of which it stood up high, the spectre, emergent from gloom, again to plunge into gloom, loomed sinister and dread.

The hull was gaunt, the side-hatches gaping, the rigid poles bereft of spars. Across the vision like a water-hearse it floated, an empty shard, a monstrous coffin. The steam-tug, which had it in tow, was hidden in obscurity ahead, so that without noise, showing no lights, a mockery of motion, the ghastly craft crept upon the affrighted scene.

"Our portent!" she exclaimed and fell against his shoulder.

"Absurd!" he whispered, gathering her strongly to his breast.—A vagabond of an ore-boat going north to refill."

Presently she raised her head. "Tell me you will never utterly forget the little I have been to you, the all I wished to be! Tell me for my solace. So long I have been miserable, and for a little while ecstatic, that now I'm spoiled to endure wretchedness again.—Oh, I do dread the nights, the awful nights to come!"

However, at the actual parting she was calm. She stood upon the dock, while he rowed away.—"Good-bye, Jack Wytcherly," she called in golden tones whose music haunted him forevermore. "Good-bye, Jack Wytcherly, good-bye. For me never grieve—I have been helped, not harmed. Into my petty life has been introduced a noble and victorious sentiment, which

in mine own eyes hallows me. Farewell."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

BY A CANDLE'S FLAME.

Wytcherly, homeward bound, paced the steamship's deck. The Castle launch that morning had conveyed him northward some twenty miles to catch the boat for Chicago at her last port of call.

The merchant prince had coldly shaken hands, as he said admonitively: "Your time up here, Wytcherly, has done you good, and I want to hear that Worth and Ware are getting special benefit from it. The advertising department can stand a little extra vim. See that you supply it."

Mrs. Worth had been kinder. "I shall miss you, Mr. Wytcherly, you were so clever. Possibly it would have been to your advantage had you acted a trifle more discreetly, but you couldn't have been more entertaining. And I'm sure that I don't blame you. Where a woman is dead set upon making a fool of herself over a man, the poor man's not morally bound to restrain her by force, I suppose. Here—please take them—are four parcels for the four dear children with the right name on each. Tell the tots all about their fairy godmother, please, and make them love me in advance, or when they see me they never will care for such a dilapidated fairy godmother as I am."

Professor Byram had not troubled to remove his hands from the pockets of his coat. "Well, good bye, Wytcherly. Maybe I shall run across you in Chicago some fine day. I am glad to have become acquainted with a representative newspaper man—we students, I conceive, should welcome every opportunity of contact with the ordinary workaday world. And even though we could not quite agree about your rhymes, you will scarcely nurse a grudge, I hope. Besides, I think, considering the wide divergence of our tastes and pursuits, we have gotten on fairly well together."

"We have," agreed Wytcherly. His ingenuous smile stultified the plain significance of his words. "You have talked and I have been amused, taught and I have been edified, expatiated concerning your intellectual growth and social rise and frankly I have envied you."

Professor Byram bowed his deep acknowledgments. "I am more than pleased, Wytcherly, to have proved of some small benefit to you in a casual way. And I may add, if sometime again you will let me have the poems, I may after all be able to do something with a few of them."

Such was the manner of his leave taking at Castle Caribou. It was a different experience he had had at the lighthouse, when first he stepped into the morning. Agnes was awaiting him.

"What, you child!" he exclaimed. "Something for me?"

"Yes, sir, a letter." The maiden's eyes consulted far horizons. "She said how I wasn't to mention it, but mebbe you'd have something for me to take back, yes, sir."

"So I have, Agnes—how did you guess it? I meant to mail it where I catch the steamer, but this will do better. Inside's a little envelope for somebody you know. I've had the idea too that a tortoise-shell comb with gold mountings would about suit the dead black of your hair. Perhaps I'll find one in the city and I'll send it up here if I do."

"Yes, sir. But mebbe I'm going to Chicago myself, yes, sir."

"What for?"

"Mrs. Worth says she's dying to take me home with her this winter, yes, sir."

"But I supposed you were devoted to your present mistress, Agnes. That's why I took an interest in you."

"Yes, sir. But she says she ain't a-going to stand in my way. When she leaves the cottage I have to go home. And my mother's an awful strict woman, yes, sir."

"See here, you little fool, Chicago makes a cherry bite of girls like you."

"Yes, sir, but mebbe I'd like to see a bit of the world while I'm alive."

"To be sure—I hadn't thought of that. Well, Agnes, good-bye. And if I can help you in Chicago, let me know.

Give that letter to your mistress and tell her—you know what to tell her."

However it was of none of these incidents that Wytcherly was thinking as late that afternoon the steamship sighted the tall East Tower of the Castle guarding the Ojibway island straits. He was engrossed with an intense perception of how far away was yesterday and all it had contained. As he sailed down the straits his gaze sought to recognize the familiar places, at which their love had been enacted so short while ago, and his mind repeated those most simple and heart-breaking lines:

"The memory of what has been,
"And ne'er again shall be."

Twilight was already thickening, as the vessel in the bottom of the straits groped for the channel between the lighthouse and the cottage, which gave egress to the lake. The pilot, shunning the island's shoal, hugged Mainland Point for deep water's sake. Wytcherly hung over the port rail in order to pick up the signal which her letter had proposed.

The while he wondered whether that smallish opaque spot upon the stub of the low point could be Idlenesse—Idlenesse, which in his thoughts had assumed the proportions of a temple.

His eye painstakingly searched between the films of darkness, although he rather fancied that her poor signal would prove powerless to penetrate the distance. Her assumption that it would, did it not illustrate the faith of woman, their pathetic divorce from reality. By now he must be abreast the cottage—in fact it was slipping by.—There shone the dot, a speck, the spark of a firefly. It was stronger than he had supposed could be, yet ignobly he commiserated her for the paltriness of her means.

But behold, it brightened, shone, a gem of fire, a yellow fleck, a bud of gold pinned upon the night's black shroud, the beacon of a companion soul to a departing soul, a faithful woman's star of hope shining for an uncertain man. He felt ashamed.

And now the progress of the steamship by virtue of some angle, disclosed a miracle. The faint diffusion of the candle's light somehow was momentarily sufficient: it showed the purest outline of Romaine's face, sketch of her throat, the tracing of an arm upreared from which the sleeve had loosened—the portrait of a shadow, as delicate as it was brief, and yet that attained the significance of vision, the great character of revelation—Devotion stood revealed.

From the lofty stern he watched the dissolvance of the shore in distance and in dark. The enormous scenery of island, headlands, forest, castle, blurred to a vast confusion of tremendous bulks. The whole obscurity loomed mightily above the watery space, was mixed, distorted, magnified by shadow and by fragmentary light. Gigantic screens were pushed aboard the stage and were withdrawn. "The shifting of the canvases of the Titans!" Wytcherly reflected. "How inconsequential are mere human feelings."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

A PROFESSOR ON A TALENT.

The monkey-and-parrot family claimed Miss Patrice Powell mentally, although sentimentally she was a dear.

She was endowed with a little memory and a large imitative faculty, so that she repeated the phraseology of those whom she admired and adopted their enthusiasms. Animated by a propensity to worship, she was continually seeking a proper idol before which to fall down. But when the idol because of clay feet itself fell, she was likely to dance upon the fragments disrespectfully, and to show herself a little shrew.

Professor Byram understood the necessity to continue to impress her with the fact that he was an intellectual giant and a literary lion. The withering power of her tongue on more than one occasion had signified what was in store for him, if he should fall permanently from the pedestal of her regard.

Although shrewd in design, he was simple in conceit. In this instance policy ran with his vanity, and therefore inclined him to overplay the game.

Indeed, since his arrival at the Castle he had indulged in a revel of self-expression, which, if it affected the girl to admiration, came dangerously near boring her betimes.

Patrice reproved herself for lapses into inattention and wondered guiltily why his lofty dissertations did not produce in her the edification she had anticipated. With sorrow she questioned whether she were really as advanced as she had believed, whether after all she were fitted to pursue the intellectual life.

To her own dismay she found that increasingly she was becoming irritated by Professor Byram's not infrequent reference to "my intellectual development," while she reached the climax of her heresy when she actually doubted whether the history of even such a mind as his was especially important. At any rate the recital made her yawn.

She appeared on the terrace after Wytcherly's departure. A dog-whip, wielded by her gauntleted fore-arm, lashed the atmosphere in vigorous fashion, as she strode up and down. A golf cap confined the billows of her hair; her walking skirt was extremely short; her stout riding boots would furnish impact to a kick. Altogether she was motley in attire, mannish in her manner, rather rakish in effect, and plainly on the hunt for trouble.

How to contrive trouble with the scant materials at hand was a quandary but her conglomerate sporting display at least expressed her disposition upon the point. In fact as she swaggered on the terrace, whistling as if to a dog, slapping her thigh as though it were a horse, hallooing as a huntsman might to a field, her secret heart was wishing prodigiously for George.

George could tell her what to do. He would take her for a gallop or risk her life in his motor car. He would talk animals and nothing besides, and if any need arose, he was the strongest man in miles.

Professor Byram, issuing blinking from the library, found her in this wilful mood.

Patrice thumped the whip upon her skirt, stamped her heel into the ground, and frowned.

"I am newly come from contemplation of the flawlessness of Peter's style," he began with singular inadvertence.

"Oh, get a man who's not a molly-coddle!" she ripped out. "And you, do something, anything! If nothing else, propose!"

"Do you really mean it?" He was perplexed, delighted.

"Really mean it!" she scoffed. "Did Mr. Wytcherly this morning when he said good-bye? Bet your life I do. If you haven't got gumption enough to know when a man is guying you, of course you don't when a girl invites you to make love." And she walked saucily away.

He followed. Only the last clause of her speech was intelligible to him and that was construed as favourable by his vanity. "I agreed to row you down to Idlenesse this morning, and I'll undertake to make love to you every yard of the way, since you've challenged me."

"You make love, you laggard!" Patrice railed. "You couldn't make it fifteen minutes at a stretch. You'd ramble off about your precious intellectual development,and the gorgeous brain you have. To complete your happiness you require just one thing, and that's a pupil, you everlasting pedagogue!"

His fair face went red and white, while he clumsily endeavoured to show his "sporting blood." "I will make you a wager which I dare you to take up. It will require an hour to row you down, and I'll wager if you agree to listen, that I will make love to you from the start to the finish."

"Goody!" exclaimed the girl. "It's a bet. And I'll be game to lose—I haven't heard a man make a fool of himself over me the longest time. Heigh-ho, I'm Rosalind—woo me!" She pirouetted on her toes. Her eyes were languishing, her actions hoydenish.

Many times he had proposed and as often been put off. In fact he had proposed whenever she was disposed to be amused thereby.

But as she now informed him on

their way to the boat, making love was a different matter. "Any donkey who can bray," she said, "can propose. It takes a real live man however, to make love. Some men do it one way, some another; but any man who's a man can do it well. He must just stow his own conceit."

War in the boat was on from the moment he assumed the oars and she an air of prime expectancy. But her dissimulation deceived the simple man; masculinity had been left ashore, and like a true daughter of Mother Eve she encouraged him with faintly blushing cheeks.

He was confident the hour of his triumph had arrived. "I have always known that in you I had encountered my affinity, my one true love, the only woman acceptable to my temperament. You understand my idiosyncrasies; you sympathize with my peculiar moods; you divine the victories of my spirit and the black despairs into which a mind like mine must fall."

"Pretty well," she criticised. "Better, a little more of me, a little less of you."

"You will make such a wife as no university professor ever had," he complied. "The ladies of the faculty will adopt your style and my colleagues all will envy me. Sentimental students will dedicate their effusions secretly to you, and at the football games every eye will turn to where you sit. The visitors will ask, who is that beautiful and fashionable woman, and they will be told Mrs. Professor Hugo Byram of the University."

"Now you're talking." The girl's eyes danced. "But can you keep it up? If you do, you win the bet."

Having earned enconium, he recurred naturally to the more interesting topic of himself. "I need you every day and hour, Patrice. Notwithstanding all my mind, I am singularly dependent upon love and appreciation, I believe. I have been long so lonely a soul, deprived by my very excellence of the consolations ordinary men enjoy. Therefore what you are to me very much exceeds what women are to other men. You are the greatest stimulus to my intellectual career, the alleviation of what to you and you alone I acknowledge is my genius."

Genius, the word, had always dazzled poor Patrice. Its utterance sufficed now to invoke her gravity. "What if he is?" reverently she queried. "But probably he isn't," common sense replied.

He fancied the moment opportune for a small preachment. "From my observation of your tendencies, Patrice, I am convinced that in marrying me lies your sole assurance of intellectual advance. Left to yourself and to the tendencies incident to your station you will inevitably decline to the level of pure frivolity, and I shall be prepared to hear of your abandonment of culture altogether."

"It's either up to me to win that bet," reflected the girl, "or to get engaged. That's clear as mud."

She revolved the alternative in her mind. Ought she to "get engaged?" Was he a genius? Did he constitute her only intellectual hope? She puzzled seriously, until it occurred to her that she objected to being kissed in a boat.

No—she looked at him—a boat was not a nice place to be kissed in, and she wasn't sure this morning that he looked nice enough to be kissed by. She cherished one old-fashioned prejudice or observed strictly one tradition—she was exceedingly particular about when and how and by whom she first was to be kissed. Besides, since she was not menaced while in such elevated company with an immediate decline to the frivolous estate, it could not be so very urgent, that she should immediately be kissed.

She determined not to "get engaged," but to win the bet. To that end, "Do you call Mr. Wytcherly a genius, too?" she innocently inquired. "Romaine does."

If a young professor of elegant erudition ever may be said to snort, Professor Byram at this juncture may be said to have snorted.

"He's off," recognized the girl.

"Candidly I do not." He was compelled to "pull up"—so Patrice phrased

it—in order to render his judgment with becoming dignity. "I regard Wytcherly as no more than a clever journalist, and not properly a man of letters."

"That will let Romaine down a peg."

"True he possesses ill regulated brilliance, but he must always lack the distinction of style and of mind which are the fruit of a catholic culture and of that alone."

"You're on my side. Romaine and I have squabbled over him until I could have shaken her and I know she wanted to slap me."

"It scarcely matters what is the extent of the raw gift, as style is nearly all in all. If Wytcherly could have enjoyed such instruction as I impart to my pupils, there might possibly have been a chance for him. But, lacking that, his plight has been such as to confirm me in an opinion I have held.

"And that?"

"That I and the men like me in the universities of the land are performing what is perhaps the most important work for literature in America today. Ideas may occur to the man in the street, but to the man of culture alone is art possible. I confess there have come moments when I have asked whether I were not scholastic, whether I ought not to jostle with the throng in the market place; but I have been reassured by the example of Wytcherly. I am doing the great work, the needed work, while popular writers scribble for the day. The crowd may never applaud me, but if I am superior to the mob. By my efforts will be perpetuated in America the correct traditions of form, the classic purity of English speech, which the barbarian violence of the times threatens with vulgarity."

The able young professor, if he had ever heard, did not heed Walter Bagehot's observation that the trouble with writers who knew how to write is that that is all they know.

However, by the time the boat reached Idlenesse Professor Byram in the absorption of his theme had forgotten his engagement to make love, while Patrice in the admiration incited by his eloquence had forgotten the existence of the wager.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

A PECKSNIFFIAN.

"You may not think it, dear Romaine," said Patrice, "but this is positively our farewell call. Professor Byram returns tomorrow to the University, and I am going up to Mackinac to my friends. So you are losing everybody at once."

Mrs. Eccleston had been found in the gallery. She was girt with an apron, but occupied the hammock. "It seems your household duties are a fraud after all," had laughed Patrice.

The dreamer, sitting up, submitted to be kissed by the girl, but apparently she did not notice Professor Byram's offer of his hand.

But Patrice noticed. "Too bad," she said pointedly, "that Hugo must leave so soon. He really has made himself so very agreeable, Aunt Worth says."

"Then you must?" inquired Mrs. Eccleston perfunctorily.

"It is imperative. I have some very important literary work which cannot be delayed. I am making large plans for the future." The answer should impress her, Professor Byram reasoned.

The lady lifted her eyebrows perceptibly. "I remember, you were to publish a novel soon. And there is some poetry, is there not?"

He looked conscious—he glanced at his hands and feet with that admiring wonder displayed by a young puppy to whom paws are still a miracle. "Yes," he admitted, "I have found true inspiration since I've been up here. And Miss Powell has magnanimously aided me by her encouragement."

"Which doubtless determined you to succeed at any price," said Mrs. Eccleston understandingly.

"Ah, I have your sympathy also." He glowed. "Although I would not employ the verb succeed in relation to art—I should say attain."

"I am corrected," smiled Mrs. Eccleston. "Although I fancy you intend to succeed."

"To be sure he does," said Patrice. "Just tell, Hugo, what you've done."

"I have been drinking exhilarating wine these last weeks," he declared, "the potency of which, if you will pardon me the mixed metaphor, has supplied me wings. In other words I have ridden on the back of Pegasus."

The girl gushed. "Yes, yes, Romaine already knows a little. You're so modest that I disregarded your injunction. And you think it is adorable, don't you, Romaine."

"Merely a little *tour de force*, Mrs. Eccleston," he deprecated, "which is not worthy of having met your eyes. Before you pass judgment on the quality of my inspiration, I beg you to wait until the novel appears. Of it I confess I am proud. I am prepared, indeed, to boast of it, and to assert that it may live for a time, because of its possession of a few virtues, extremely rare these days. The intellectual development of the hero, I am confident, will constitute an important contribution to literature, while its purity of diction and the perfection of its form will recommend it to the favour of the cultivated class."

This prolonged self-congratulation was cut short by a curious examination in the clear regard Mrs. Eccleston turned abruptly on the speaker. "As a matter of literary speculation," she inquired, "I wonder whether your spontaneous creative activity owes everything to your simultaneous association with Mr. Wytcherly."

Patrice bit her lip. "I call that uncalled for, Romaine. The idea!—Professor Byram in the same class with Mr. Wytcherly!"

The lady still looked her interrogation.

"Who can tell?" he vaguely answered. "Often our most vigourous intellectual fermentation proceeds from obscure suggestion, does it not?"

"Yes." She probed: "But I should fancy contact with a mentality as electrical as his, as diametrically opposed to the merely critical mind, must have ascertainable effects."

He resented the obvious disparagement of his own originality. "The truth was," he said with some heat, "even if it seems to smack of egotism—the truth was that I affected Wytcherly profoundly, but he had nothing to teach me. Of art, of culture, of pure thought, of what the great minds of the world have done, he is quite ignorant. I fancy, however, that I lifted the curtain for him an inch or two and I am convinced that he returned a sadder and a wiser man."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," in rebuttal quoted Mrs. Eccleston.

The dogmatic young professor took offense. "There should be small difficulty in classifying Wytcherly," he asserted in severe tones. "The fellow is a degenerate representative of a very ancient type, that of the street poets, popular rhymsters who catch up the floating sentiment and voice it in the vernacular. Pray, what can such an undistinguished talent mean to a scholar, a man of culture, concerned and perplexed with the intricate and subtle questions proposed to the instructed intellect? Absolutely *nil*!"

Mrs. Eccleston struggled from the hammock to her feet. "Excuse me for two minutes, but I've a cake baking in the oven." She disappeared.

"Is she seriously displeased?" inquired Professor Byram. "I hope not, although truth in my opinion makes always in the end for our highest good."

"I'm glad you spoke right out in meeting plain," declared Patrice. "If only she won't be too obstinate and not believe a word of it."

"But you say she is a highly intellectual woman. Then she cannot well refuse to acknowledge that what I said is true."

"Of course Romaine is intellectual, everybody says she is. But I am afraid she is infatuated with that odious little man. Can't you see? That's the reason I encouraged you to tell her what you thought of Mr. Wytcherly."

"But if she is so intellectual, I cannot understand how—"

"Oh, there are some things the cleverest of men, even you, professor, are not expected to understand. Don't try."

The girl sprang abruptly from her chair to catch at a paper, lifted by a gust of wind from the reading table. "Stop it, stop it!" she exclaimed.

But the professor was not agile, and the elusive sheet fell twenty feet away. Patrice followed it.

She held it up. "My, more verses!" she laughed. "Romaine's another poet on the sly."

She took a longer look. "Whew!" she ejaculated, and stretched the sheet between her two hands, and bent her brows. Glancing sidelong at the unconscious pedagogue, her pretty lips gave vent to a whistle. "Well, I'm hanged," she muttered, and reread.

Holding out the paper at arm's length, she strode back to the professor. "Do you know what this is?" she demanded, vibrating from head to foot. "It is your poem, a copy of it."

Either his eye quailed, or her surmise was wrong. "That is interesting," he rejoined coolly. "May I see it?"

"No such thing!" She waved the sheet indignantly within his face. "It is your poem—the one you gave me."

"Your friend copied it perhaps. You said she admired it so much." He smiled.

"No such thing, either!" She shook her head.

He ventured on reproof. "This is what comes from your disregard of my direction to show it to no one. It has gotten out in contradiction to my expressed wish."

"Don't talk to me like that!" Patrice lost her temper. "You happen to be neither my greatuncle nor my husband yet. Besides this isn't Romaine's hand-writing, and I'll bet it's Mr. Wytcherly's."

Professor Byram paled. "Could I by mistake have left a copy in the leaves of the scrap-book, when I sent the latter back to him?"

The young woman confronted him squarely. "Do you know what I think? I think you've got the barefaced cheek, and plenty to spare. Listen to this—this line is written at the top: 'I send these for a last good-bye. I wrote them down for you one night not long ago.' And the poem is entitled: 'To the Chatelaine of Idlenesse.' What have you got to say to that? Of course it was written to Romaine. I was a booby to let you twist it to fit me."

Mrs. Eccleston swept into the gallery and brought a chill with her.

"We found this, Romaine." Patrice held up the paper. "The wind took it, and when I picked it up, I saw what it was."

"It may be as well that you did," the lady said.

Professor Byram's eyes involuntarily invoked her pity or her mercy, but Mrs. Eccleston was blind to the appeal.

He reddened, shivered—for an instant he verged on breaking down. The next he rallied, by the grace of a sublime conceit or effrontery. Appearances, moreover, constituted reality for him, and he believed in words, the saving efficacy of lies.

"We had a grand time working over it, Wytcherly and I." Once commenced he found he could be glib. "And our collaboration proved fortunate for us both. These verses are but a specimen; we are resolved to undertake jointly some work worth while. Naturally I regret that the secret of our co-operation has transpired; but I am confident that it will be held sacred by our two mutual friends."

So smoothly did the explanation run off his tongue that before he had ceased speaking, he had regained the larger portion of his self-assurance. He did not doubt that women would accept his statement, which seemed, indeed, so plausible, that he was in danger of believing it himself. He was accustomed to having his least word held law and gospel by whole classes at the University.

Therefore he was surprised, when Mrs. Eccleston expressed skepticism. "Your claim, Professor Byram"—she addressed herself to its consideration with a dispassion becoming to a daughter of lawyers—"your new claim is singularly at variance with the facts made known to me by actual occurrences and by Mr. Wytcherly."

"You must think us as big fools as we look," hotly interjected Miss Powell.

Mrs. Eccleston repressed the latter. "And since the issue has been made, we may as well have the evidence. I remember Mr. Wytcherly informed me many days ago that he had composed some verses in my honour, and in the letter which yesterday I received, he enclosed them with the statement that no one else had seen them, and I must keep them for my own eye alone. At once I recognized them as identical with the verses you presented to Miss Powell, and I drew the one deduction possible, that Mr. Wytcherly by mistake had left a copy in the scrap-book, which you had from him."

She awaited the reply, her gaze impartial but imperative.

The professor showed himself a shifty fellow. "We each, it seems, Wytcherly and I, have claimed exclusive credit, he to you, and I to Miss Powell. Reprehensible, no doubt, but natural, Mrs. Eccleston—an application of the hoary maxim that all is fair in love and war I should say." He glanced meltingly in the direction of Patrice, who in response tilted her chin.

The special pleading convinced one auditor at least—Professor Byram. "Whatever claim Wytcherly may have made behind my back," he added, "to me at least he professed eternal gratitude."

"Unfortunately, Professor Byram," objected Mrs. Eccleston, "your attestation of a fact does not to my mind prove the fact. I witnessed what may be called the process of the poem in the sole author's mind. I am acquainted with its genesis, its growth—he repeated lines to me before he wrote them down."

But the able professor was not overwhelmed. He managed to protest speciously, he instinctively endeavoured to blunt the clear point of this positive indictment. Indeed, he demonstrated that dispossessed of his æsteticism, his talent and his affectation he was precisely that unlovely thing, a "shyster" mind and soul.

Mrs. Eccleston was ruthless. "I once heard the man whose shoe-strings you are not worthy to unlace, say of you that you were an intellectual Peck-sniff. I remember that I thought it at the time a brilliant falsity. I think it shrewdly true, Professor Byram." Her cold and just penetration stabbed him through and through. "Your ordinary mental processes impress yourself as being marvelous intellectual feats. If your mind performs the mental arithmetic of the multiplication table, you hail the trick as a discovery in calculus. And if, perchance, you correct a limping foot for Mr. Wytcherly, straightway you claim collaboration."

And without affording opportunity for reply, she turned to Patrice and talked with smooth perfunctoriness of Mackinac and the friends to whom the girl was going.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

A PLAIN MIND ON A PROFESSOR.

Miss Powell presently arose. "I think that I'll be going; Uncle Worth will want me this last day. Good-bye, dear." As she kissed her friend, she whispered: "I mean to telegraph to George to be at Mackinac."

Professor Byram would have made elaborate *adieux*, but the young woman cut him short. "Oh, come along," she ordered sharply, and as he followed, added: "No one wishes to hear another thing from you. Just you paddle me across to the lighthouse, as quick as you can—that will be about all."

That truth will out, and in the end be vindicated, is but one more "pathetic fallacy," which the multitude hugs to its heart. Truth may die hard, but half-truth is immortal, while to lies are given ninety-nine-year leases. Truth is to each man what he sees, and each sees differently. The rays of truth are no X-rays, penetrating skulls regardless of density; truth, on the contrary, is deflected from the reason by the lenses of self-interest and of vanity. Mental idiosyncrasies, not to mention the peculiarities of physical perception, can be relied upon to play hob with truth.

Professor Byram was not conscious of his own despicability. Had he not employed words in fair succession to

explain, and were not words the final facts, and facts but the occasion for words? To the young doctrinaire what ought to have taken place—or what he wished to believe had taken place—assumed superiority to what actually did occur. If the human race is unanimous in its propensity to lie, nine-tenths of the liars display a marvelous facility of belief in their own lies.

Therefore Miss Powell was confronted in the boat not by a detected deceiver, but by a much injured innocent.

"Row straight across," was her direction. "I'll telephone to the Castle for the launch, and you can row home by your lonesome."

Half the distance had been covered before he ventured to complain: "Your Mrs. Eccleston never will believe that anyone could aid her genius, Wytcherly."

Provoking no response, he enlarged his plea: "Unfortunately I never shall be able to make her understand how vast a service I performed for him, or what a debt, as he acknowledges, he owes to me. If he has any talent, I have enabled him to employ it to advantage for the first time in his life, and if ever in the future he does anything, it will be because I showed him how."

"Fiddle faddle!" declared Patrice, her gaze not taken from the lighthouse cupola.

But he was undeterred. "I trust, when the opportunity occurs, that you will compel your friend to do me justice. She wrongs me greatly by reason of her mistaken zeal for Wytcherly. I—"

"Oh, do stop tooting your own horn. One would fancy you a motor car, to hear you blow about yourself," interrupted his companion.

Not for a moment was he checked. "But you are not so provincial as to be affected by her prejudice in favour of the man she loves, I am confident."

"Shut up!" said Patrice. "You needn't lug in that to help yourself, you cad!"

In despair he dropped the oars. "I can say nothing which is not wilfully misunderstood. You misjudge my every motive; you misinterpret my most artless speech. Yet there actually is not a charge from which I feel called upon to defend myself."

"Oh, yes there is," she cried. "You've a heap to answer for. If you have done nothing else, you've let me make a fool of *me* to Romaine. Don't deny it now! Haven't I been crowing over her, and strutting up and down in her vicinity about you? Haven't I sickened her to death with glowing accounts of your intellectual development and your tremendous mind? Oh, I'm vexed; I've sung a daily song to her about your mellifluous culture and your stupendous learning, you pedantic donkey! And all the while, if she hadn't been so kind, she could have had the laugh on me up her sleeve. If you think, whatever else I do, I ever will forgive you for allowing me to make such a ninny-hammer fool of myself to Romaine, I never will, the longest day I live!"

"Chagrin for herself, not anger at me," considered the professor and concluded there was hope.

Probably the present moment afforded him the last opportunity for some time to impress her mind. It behooved him to impress it so considerably that she would remember after he was gone. He commenced: "I have deeply meditated upon what I am about to say. It is in the nature of a duty which I owe to you. So I regard it."

"Well, get it off your mind—I want to get on shore."

"I have concluded that the influence of Mrs. Eccleston is not beneficial to you in the highest sense. You overestimate her intellectual endowment. Her culture is not deep; her mental scope, not wide. Her opinions, many of them, I find erroneous, and her conception of literature is not what it should be."

"Well, I'm not one bit sorry she's not all of them. I don't care for your amendments to Romaine."

"To reiterate is futile," observed the sage professor. "You are in no mood to receive the truth. What are I

wish to say concerns myself."

"Naturally," remarked Patrice.

He girded up the loins of his authority. "I have a future," dogmatically he stated, "a future which cannot be diminished by what Mrs. Eccleston imagines or Wytcherly asserts. And I am convinced that I am justified in my self-confidence. Your fondest expectations for my future shall be fulfilled. I stand upon the threshold of achievement, important, perhaps great."

"Go tell it in Gath!" scoffed the girl. "Howl it from the housetops! You can't fool me. Romaine says you're a learned echo, and I believe she's right. She says you are a self-appointed college priest of literature. She said it before you were found out."

Professor Byram for the first time realized that his influence with Patrice had passed. He became frantic, boasted and begged. "I will show what I can do, if you will believe in me, Patrice. I can win the plaudits of the world, confute jealous Mrs. Eccleston, conquer fame, if you will only stand by me now, and inspire me with your encouragement. The Wytcherly affair is incidental; the verses but a little *tour de force*. What I really am is the critic—America demands the critic, whom she needs now above all things. Estimate, if you can, the good wrought by St. Beauve to France, or Matthew Arnold to Great Britain. The like I would do in America. American taste was never lower; her artistic standards are given by the mob. A critic, courageous, catholic, calm, can reform the public taste, re-establish letters, substitute for present-day sentimentalism, sensationalism, journalism, an art which shall remain democratic, while it rises free from vulgarity."

However much his eloquence warmed himself, it failed to warm Patrice.

She derided him. "That thunder doesn't go with me; for I'm on, as they say."

He moaned: "Oh, you are just as other women—you don't understand, you don't understand."

The unsympathetic female stepped to the lighthouse wharf. She turned half about. "And what's more: I may not understand as much as I would like, and I'm not really intellectual as I would love to be; but my head is level and I have plain sense, and what I think you are, if you wish me to be clear, is a cheap rascal, no more, no less." She gave him a caustic look: "A pickpocket poet, if you please."

Might Have

By Edith M. Thomas

I have lived my life, and I face the end—
But that other life I might have led?
Where lay the road, and who was its friend:
And what was the goal, when the years were fled?

Where lay the road? Did I miss the turn?
The friend unknown? Our greetings unsaid?
And the goal unsought? Shall I never learn
What was that life I might have led?

As the spring's last look, for one dear day
From skies autumnal on earth may bend,
So lures me that other life—but, nay!
I have lived my life, and I face the end.

Concerning Kissing

By Agnes Campbell Purves

NO one will require to be told what a kiss is, and yet everyone will admit that there is some truth, in the remark of the American humorist, that the only way to define a kiss is to take one. We have many different kinds of kisses in this country, but we are not so far advanced in osculatory practices as our friends in Europe. It is not a breach of Continental etiquette for two members of the male sex to embrace and demonstrate their affection for each other by a hearty kiss. A Frenchman likes to maintain his reputation of *bon enfant*, and to him is granted a privilege, which, fortunately, here, gentlemen do not enjoy, for on New Year's morning he kisses every young lady of his acquaintance, whom he may visit or call upon. Although, possibly, we might envy French ladies in this particular, we must admit that we get a fair share of labial compliments during our lifetime. We are well-nigh overwhelmed with affectionate motherly kisses, long before we can appreciate or return the compliment. And then we have, amongst many others, the kiss of friendly greeting, the kiss under the mistletoe, the kiss in the ring, the automatical kiss of the actor, the kiss blown from the tips of the fingers, and the formal kiss of fashion, which is subservient to the laws of etiquette. These salutations, when between royal personages, vary in number, according to the age and rank of the person kissed and it is a serious matter, if one kiss too few, or one too many is given.

"The stolen kiss which the inamorata
With an easy cruelty denies,
Yet wishes that you would snatch,
not ask, the bliss,"

is supposed to possess certain qualities peculiarly its own.

The divinely sweet and rapturous is the other kiss—the

"Evanescent touch that thrills
The ardent lover's trembling frame
A dew which on the heart distils,
And kindles into flame,"

in reference to which Dr. Walcot writes:

"When we dwell on the lips of those
we adore
Not a pleasure in Nature is missing;
May his soul be in heaven, he
deserves it I'm sure,
Who was the inventor of kissing."

The lover's kiss is often a lingering one. Byron speaks of the

"Long, long kiss, the kiss of youth and
lover."

and Tennyson says:

"With one long kiss, my whole soul
thro'
My lips as sunlight, drinketh dew."

In "Locksley Hall" appears the line,

"Our spirits rushed together at the
touching of the lips,"

a sentiment which had previously been expressed by Shelley, who speaks of

"The soft and sweet eclipse
When soul meets soul in lovers' lips."

"Pleasant is the welcome kiss
When Day's dull round is over,"

says J. R. Drake, but sad, sad is the kiss of which Robert D'Ordsley sings:

"One fond kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we are severed, my fond
heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you!"

Many poets have sung of the parting kiss, but for true pathos, tender feeling, and touching sentiment, nothing is to be found to excel Burns' little gem, entitled, "A Kiss," the last two verses of which run:

"Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest,
Thine be every joy and treasure
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas, forever!
Deep in heartwrung tears I'll pledge thee
Wailing sighs and groans, I'll wage thee."

In the pages of Shakespeare, many kisses are recorded. There is Romeo's kiss in the vault, and Antony's dying kiss to Cleopatra when he mournfully says:

"Of many thousand kisses
The goodly last, I lay upon thy lips."

There is the curious kiss which Pyramus gave Thisbe, through the fingers of Tinker Snout, when he represented the wall; but the strangest kiss ever recorded is that of Titania, when she kisses "the fair, large ears of gentle joy"—the ass. There is likewise something ludicrous about Petruchio's kiss, and we have that beautiful verse about a kiss in "Measure for Measure" which runs:

"Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes that break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But thy kisses, bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain."

Treacherous and revengeful kisses are not wanting in Shakespeare—the most terrible being that given by Othello to Desdemona before he smothers her.

But what poet has not sung about kissing, and who has sung more beautifully than dear old Allan Ramsay when in the "Gentle Shepherd" he makes Patie give Roger a lesson, by telling him how he managed Jenny. This is how he proceeded:

"I laughed and sae did she, then in great haste
I casped my arms about her neck and waist,
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth
While hard an' fast, I held her in my grips,
Ma very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair, she flet wi me, between ilka smack,
But weel I kent she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom
Do you sae too and never fash a thoom
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood,
Sae woo anither, and she'll gang clean mad."

Poets are rather unreasonable in their demands sometimes. One sings of his lady-love:

"Oh, let me on thy panting breast recline,
And press my burning hurried lips to thine,
A thousand kisses let me first implore
And after them, a thousand more.
A thousand thousand let me still repeat
Till my joys grow as numberless, as great."

Another rhymster—Sir Hanbury Williams—whilst demanding sweet kisses from his darling Chloe, declares:

"I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, prithee, my charmer be kind,
For while I love thee beyond measure
To number I'll not be confined!"

He also asserts that

"The wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content."

And a similarly minded writer goes the length of saying that he desires so many thousand kisses that

"Scarce will arithmetic the same explain
Millions and millions multiply in vain."

Some very curious kiss transactions are on record. Kisses have actually been put up at auction to the highest bidder. The Duchess of Gordon, while she went about hiring fairs, in the north of Scotland, enlisting soldiers, used to offer the lads along with

the shilling, the alternative of a kiss. It is well known that if a lady salutes a gentleman while he is asleep, she can demand a pair of gloves. Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth" tells how Catherine obtained a pair of gloves from Henry Smith, by stealing a kiss while he was asleep, and Gay humorously describes the practice thus:

"Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the bout
And kissed with smacking lips the snoring lout,
For custom says whoe'er the venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

The Book has to be kissed, when the oath is taken. It is probably the kiss that makes the words sacred and inviolable, but Cowper truly says that:

"Thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book outside, who ne'er looked within."

The Book itself swarms with kisses of all complexions, from the innocent kiss of Rachel at the well, or the pathetic and beautiful kiss of Mary, when she washes the feet of her Master with tears, to the most terrible of all treacherous kisses—mentioned in the Bible or elsewhere—the kiss in the garden of Gethsemane, which meant betrayal and death.

One can find eight basal diversities of the kiss in Scripture:

Salutation—Sam. xx—41.
Valediction—Ruth ii—9.
Reconciliation—III Sam. xiv—33.
Subjection—Psalms ii—12.
Approbation—Prov. ii—4.
Adoration—I. Kings xix—18.
Affection—Genesis xiv—15.
Treachery—Matt. xxvi—39.

The most honorable kiss (honorable to give and to receive both) was perhaps that which Margaret of France in the presence of the whole court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Allen Charto, whom she one day found asleep, exclaiming to the astonished attendants: "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth, which has uttered so many noble things." Ah! it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

Punchinello

By Margaret George

I'M a writer of comic songs—
Poor one, too—more's the pity;
The kind of songs that the gamins sing,
And the servant-girls in the city.

I'm not growling; I earn my bread;
Each year I write just so many;
But once in my life—for three sweet months—
I lived without writing any.

Woman, of course. She dropped me—cold.
I loved her, too, more's the pity!
The song I wrote when my heart ached so—
They sang it all over the city.

Out of the Darkness

By Cy Warman

SIT with the chauffeur, if you can afford it, or on the front seat of the trolley as she takes the curve on Main Street opposite the city hall, and get a new view of the wonderful Winnipeg that is rising out of the plains.

It will remind you of a certain curve in Regent Street, though the scenery is not the same; the faces of the people you pass are not the same. They are, for the most part, younger and brighter, Also they are making better time than the people on Regent Street usually make. One is impressed with the speed of things. It is, of a truth, a swift city.

A few blocks farther down you come to the great granite and red brick pile that loomed so large as you rounded the curve. Pass through the swinging door, mount the marble steps and stand in the spacious lobby of the finest hotel in Canada, and one that ranks well up among the best taverns of the world.

The sun sinks in the cloudless West, leaving that wonderful pink glow that gleams only in the northern sky. The stars twinkle forth in the darkening dome, the electric lights, bracketed on scores of huge columns, screwed into the ceiling, spider-webbed in a maze of metallic mesh-work and swinging in ornate basket-like chandeliers suspended and supported by massive flat-linked, wrought iron chains.

As the shadows deepen, and the lights grow brighter, the soft strains of a stringed orchestra come across the great lobby, filling the main dining hall, the long corridors, and the cafe. Gradually the big dining-room fills up, and the cafe gathers in a goodly number who prefer the European plan of living. Over in a quiet corner a grizzled old Factor from the Far North blinks and squints in the brilliant glare of electric lamps, of which he has heard often, but has never seen, for he is forty years in the fastness.

After dinner the guests stroll about, lounge and smoke. There are groups of friends and small dinner parties gathered here and there, for the place is so large that it is almost "exclusive." Away over in the northwest wing of the wide rotunda an open grate fire burns, giving a cosy air to that vicinity. Here the lounges are usually occupied.

Up the marble flight on the floor above there is a bewilderingly beautiful drawing room, large enough for a summer garden, another great, wide lounging hall and a delightful billiard room, exclusively for the folks who live in the house. This floor holds the viceregal suite, which I shall not attempt to describe. The furnishings throughout are rich and splendid, but always in excellent taste. One feels that, despite our boasted democracy, and love for the "simple life" whatever that means, one should "dress for dinner" at the Royal Alexandra. That much seems to be due the house and the host.

Up from the main floor floats the inspiring strains of the stringed band, beating out a medley of Yankee airs followed by a perfect cyclone of clapping, in which scores of Canadians join, and we drift down again.

Over in the European cafe the old Factor draining his small bottle, blinks and blows smoke, As he leans back in his chair his eyes rest upon the ornate jugs and mugs and battered bric-a-brac that rest upon the plate-

rail near the ceiling, and he tries to remember. Away back in his boyhood, beyond the wide Atlantic, he had seen something of the sort, but forty years in the fastness . . . . no. it is not quite clear . . . and he drains his glass, pinches the moisture from his eyes, and smokes.

Now the orchestra strikes up "God Save the King" and all the English, many Canadians and not a few Americans, stand up until the orchestra has ceased its song to the sovereign.

Winnipeggers, who have come in for the table d'hote, which is already becoming famous, go down to their trolleys, motor cars or carriages, and the guests go up in the elevator, and presently the great house is quiet and the city sleeps.

Moritura

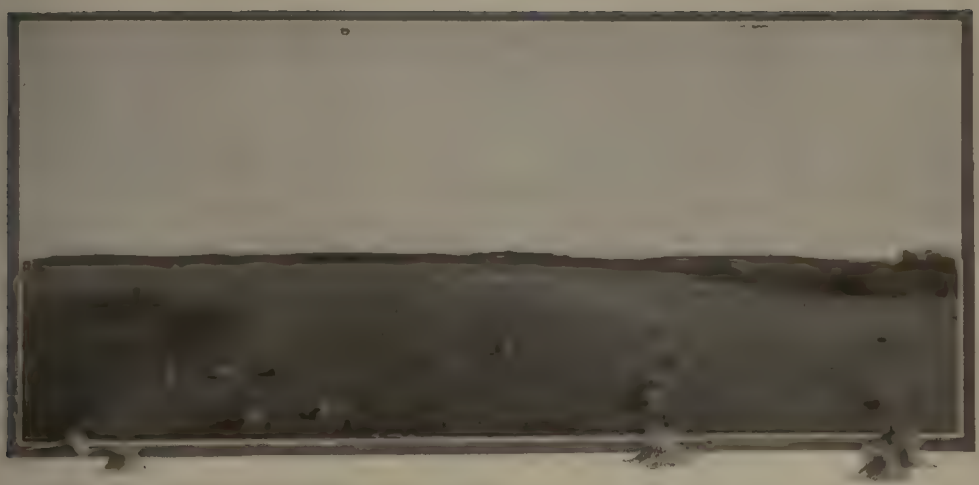
By Margaret George

I am the mown grass, dying at your feet—
The pale grass, gasping faintly in the sun;
I shall be dead long, long ere day is done,
That you may say, "The air to-day was sweet."
I am the mown grass, dying at your feet.

I am the white syringa, falling now
When someone shakes the bough;
What matter if I lose my life's brief noon?
You laugh, "A snow in June!"
I am the white syringa, falling now.

I am the waning lamp that flickers on,
Striving to give my old, unclouded light,
Among the rest that make your garden bright;
Let me burn still, till all my oil is gone—
I am the waning lamp that flickers on.

I am your singer, singing my last note—
Death's fingers clutch my throat!
New grass will bloom, new flowers bloom and fall-
New lamps play out against your garden wall:
I am your singer—singing my last note.



What I Found in Western Canada

By Karl Edwin Harriman

I. THE FRONTIER.

IN Western Canada I met a man—a man with eyes as blue as the North, and a square jaw and big hands—the sort of a man, I took him to be, who, seeing a thing to be done, does it. And said I to this man:

"Who's dealing faro-bank up here for you now, anybody I happen to know?"

The man removed his pipe—he was smoking an expensive English mixture, I could tell by its aroma—and regarded me sceptically. Then he shook his head.

"Nobody," he replied.

"Nor anything doing at the dance-hall down the street?" I persisted, recalling a week of lurid nights away to the South, across the line, in the sand country where the cactus blooms and the "bad-man" has his habitat.

He turned to me then and tapping my knee with his pipe-stem said: "There doesn't happen to be any dance hall, you see."

He smiled at the amazement in my eyes.

"And would you mind telling me?" he pursued, "just where you think you are?"

"On the frontier," I replied without the least hesitancy.

And then he laughed. It was well to hear him laugh for it was a good, clear, full-throated laugh; not the dry, alkali laugh with which I was more or less familiar. So ere he had done, I was laughing with him—the two of us, on the plains of Western Canada, facing North with nothing but the blue sky, and the sweet air of a summer day, and the rich green fields, between us and the horizon.

My business happens to be fiction—therefore had I come into the North. Where may one hope to find a better scene for fiction than the frontier. "Therefore," said I to myself, "I shall

Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman, who is the editor of two of the most successful fiction magazines in America—the Red Book Magazine, and the Blue Book Magazine—has recently returned from a trip through Western Canada. In our last issue there appeared, it will be recalled, an article by him entitled "What I Expect to Find in Canada." The present paper is its logical successor.—*Editor.*

THRESHING THE GOLDEN GRAIN IN

go up on the Canadian frontier; its the last on the continent.''

And acting upon this idea I had come to Western Canada to discover that every element which for years has helped to give glamour to the American —rather, the States'—frontier was missing. Disappointed in the beg nning, I discovered presently that in the very absence of these elements was the story—the big, throbbing, human, story of the Empire Builders and the light that lured them on.

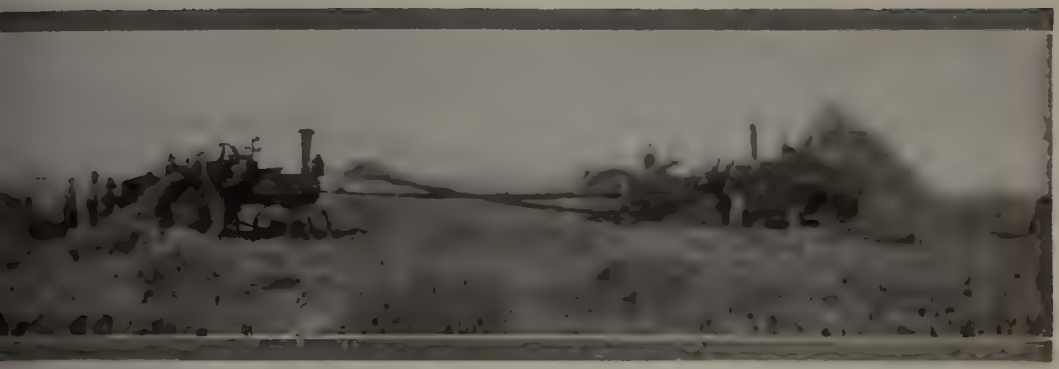
For this the men and women of the Canadian frontier have done: they have profited by the mistakes of their brothers and sisters South of the line.

The little Canadian village balanced on the horizon, away off there, or nestling at the feet of the protecting mountains knows nothing of the lawlessness that characterized such a village, so placed, on the Southern plains twenty years ago. For in that little Canadian village is a slim-limbed young man with clear eyes and a clean-cut, resolute countenance, who wears a uniform the chief characteristics of which is a stiff-brimmed, leather-banded sombrero; and that young man, fearless, just, and absolutely honest, is a living, breathing, acting, personification of the Law, upon which the dwellers in that little village, and the plains for miles around, look with that reverence which has ever been a charecteristic of the Englishman.

In the beginning the States' frontierman broke cover and cut for the West under the spell of gold. He moved swifter than the Law. The Law was twenty years in catching up to him, and in the meantime he had established, at the furtherest outpost, an individual code, based on passion rather than justice. When, finally, the Law did come ten years were required to uproot that code, so for thirty years the American frontier flourished without any regard whatsoever for statute books.

How different conditions ''north of the line''! When the first adventurer pressed on into Western Canada what did he find? The Law—the Law as meted out by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Law was there ahead of him and he obeyed its mandates. Later, as others came, as settlements sprang up and commerce was born, appeared the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, a natural, logical evolution. further to see that the laws of the east were obeyed here in this vast, limitless land of sunshine, to the West.

Too, perhaps chiefly, the presence of lawlessness in the early settling of the States' West, and its absence today in the Canadian West, may be accounted for by the varying lures which drew men into the wilds. South of the line the lure was the lust for gold; north of the line the love of land; the one unclean, breeding passion and wantonness; the other, clean, breathing the spirit of God and honest toil. The one drew on the man with the knife at his belt; the other lured him with the plow share. The one adventurer dreamed of the day when he would wrench the gold from the rock. the other of the day when he would reap



THE NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

the grain—the golden grain. Each sought the gold, only one dug for it in the nugget, while the other garnered it in the berry. So were they the same, yet different.

II. THE WHEAT.

I had spent days in the desert of the southwest. My eyes were adjusted to the grey flat, unbroken landscape, dotted with sage, here and there, now and again a cactus. Then I awoke miles further on amid the wheat fields of the San Joaquin Valley. The grey had, over night, became gold—the clean gold of the grain. It was a vast, boundless yellow sea, shimmering in the sunlight, rustling like silk, swaying back and forth in long sweeping waves. Something got into the heart of me as I stood on the shore of that golden sea and gazed across it—something different from the awe I had felt amid the silent fastnesses of the majestic mountains. For here, before me, was not a dead thing, a monarch at rest after untold ages. Here was life, the very germ of it in every yellow berry swaying in the breeze. Here were all the forces of life, here was a peoples' food. It was my first view of a great wheat field. And I had yet to see the greater wheat fields of Canada.

Said a clergyman standing near me on the station platform, as he swept his eye across that shifting sea of golden grain: "I have never felt so close to God before." Then it was that I realized the meaning of my own feelings and with this realization came another, a more material, but none the less significant thought. It was this: Thirty years ago it was impossible to raise wheat in this valley. Why? Because the available wheat area of North America is constantly expanding.

In 1847 our United States commission, headed by a virtuous and bewhiskered expert, reported that the available wheat area of the continent of North America was bounded on the West by a line drawn from the Dominion border to the Gulf along the west boundary of Minnesota; and on the north by the Canadian line! And the humor of that report, considered to-day lies in the fact that it was the truth—in 1847. To-day the wheat crop of that area is about equal to the banana crop of Massachusetts as compared to the combined crops of the new areas. The fact of the matter is, Nature is playing a game—a game with wheat—besides which the "market" game is as mild and innocuous as battle-dore and shuttlecock.

As a wheat area becomes populated to a degree that forbids the growing of the grain in a measure necessary to supply the demand, a new area springs into being. This process has been going on ever since the first crop adventurer crossed the Mississippi to find a soil that would produce the berry. To-day it is probably true that there are no new areas in the United States. That is not to say that the United States as a wheat producing country has reached its limit, for all the available area is not under cultivation. It is merely to say that every area *is known*.

What has happened? North of the Canadian line—from that line to the arctic circle—is the great new area—an area that is destined to become the bread-basket of the Western world—the granary of the Anglo-Saxon race. And it is a safe assumption that thirty years ago wheat could not be grown where it is grown to-day in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. North of the line is the greatest wheat area that the world has ever known, every inch of which, when the new Grand Trunk Pacific is finished, will be available. I know of nothing more impressive than the railway journey from Winnipeg west to the mountains across plains that sustain no break as far as the eye can reach in every direction—hour after hour the plains, all available, all ready to produce the world's food. And the world's granary they will become. The lives of a hundred future generations lie in the fields of this vast territory. Food, the fuel of the human engine is here, and the white farmer is the engineer who will shovel it, for years to come, into the firebox of the world.

III. THE MAN.

John Clarkson had lived in Iowa. He was a farmer; his father and his grandfather had been farmers. His four boys were farmers with him. His Iowa farm—I don't know its acreage—was wo th $20,000. Two of the boys were married. Each had a house on "the old man's place". he two unmarried boys lived with their father and Sunday afternoons washed up their box buggies, got out the new harnesses and drove out of the yard, one in one direction, the other in another, to call on two girls—farmer's daughters whose names might some day be changed to Clarkson.

The "old man" sat out on the back porch all Sunday afternoon with the dog and "got to thinking," as he told me later. In some way he had come across a pamphlet in which was set forth the benefits of "mixed farming" in Western Canada. John Clarkson read that pamphlet through twice from cover to cover.

"And the more I thought the plainer it all was," he said to me a month ago as we stood together on his porch in—. But I'm getting ahead of my story. It's as easy to follow Jo n Clarkson's line of thought as he sat there playing with the old dog's ears, as it is to follow a trout stream.

Some day he was going to die—that was a certainty. And his estate would be a clear title to an Iowa farm worth $20,000. There'd be four heirs—to say nothing of grandchildren yet to come. And he was a wise enough old man to realize that besides leaving that farm to the boys, he would leave as handsome a four-sided family row as ever made a man turn over in his grave. As it was, *he owned* that Iowa farm; owned it from the east wood lot to the west meadow, free and clear. Being a peaceful man and shrinking from the contemplation of a row among the boys after his death he read the pamphlet through a third time. When he had finished his mind was made up. John Clarkson packed his sheep-skin valise and disappeared. Bill, the second boy, asked him where he was going, but the "old man's" reply was rather indefinite—.

"Never you mind where I'm goin', " he said. "I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"You don't think he's got softening of the brain, do you, George?" asked the oldest son's wife.

George couldn't say positively, but he hoped not.

After a fortnight the youngest boy declared that in his opinion, dad had gone over to Ottumwa to get married.

The two daughters-in-law fainted, and all four boys turned pale.

Then the wanderer returned.

"I want the whole kiboodle of you to come into the settin' room to-night after supper," said he, "while I tell you what's happened."

So, almost breathless with expectancy, the old man that evening faced the four boys and the two young wives and—told them. When he had finished, they looked at one another, and then, little by little, they b gan to see

the method in the "old man's" madness. To make a long story short, that conference in the settin'-room ended with all four boys and two wives ready and willing to act as "paw" had outlined.

Within two months the Clarkson farm was sold for $21,500, and a carload of Clarksons and two carloads of Clarkson effects left Iowa headed north and they didn't stop until they entered Western Canada. For this is what old John Clarkson did with that $21,500 He purchased *four farms* north of the line, each as large as the Iowa farm, and he gave one to each of his sons. There they all live and breathe, and thrive to-day—the four Clarkson boys from Iowa, their farms touching and two new farm-houses going up, for those Iowa girls decided not long since that the name Clarkson was good enough for them and they were willing to follow the boys into the great out-of-doors up there were God helps a man win at the game of farming.

"And I'm living round with the boys," said old John to me. "I've earned a rest anyway. The boys own it all. I've given 'em everything and they ain't kicking. 'Course sometimes it's bad for an old fellow to give up all he's got to the children; more often than not when he does the children, especially the daughters-in-law, work him into the poor-house at last. But I figured that out all too—" he chuckled—"you see, there aint any poor houses up here, so they've got to let me eat at their tables and sleep in their beds as long as I live."

"Poor houses aren't needed up here," put in Bill's wife as she made a cat's cradle for the new baby.

No, nor will poor-houses be needed for years to come. The sustaining land is here and where the land needs no more than the asking to bring forth gold, there's scant use for poor-houses.

The wheat has, in a word, followed the white man and there is no wheat equal to the white man's wheat. The white man since the beginning of time has ever sought new world's to conquer, new fields to plow, and when Nature has felt that he needed that new world, she has opened it to him. But always his advancement has been in two directions—not four. The sunset and the north star have ever been the beacons by which he has set his course. Since he first left "home" the currents of his wanderings have ever been West and North-West because the end of human life is to the West—where the sun goes down; North because North is UP and to ascend must ever be the instinct of life if the race would survive. And it is an interesting fact that an analogy between man and the grain that gives him life may be traced step by step from the first human migration to the present day. The further North the white man can live, the better man he is. The further north the wheat will grow, the better the wheat. The long, long sunshine-days of the growing season, together with the short, cold nights, harden the berry, just as they would seem to bring out the iron in the man.

Old John Clarkson's boys are going to be that sort of men, just as the wheat they are growing now is that sort of wheat.

So these are the three things I found in Western Canada—a vast and wonderful new country—the greatest agricultural area on the North American continent—and last and best of all, men and women in whose eyes are seen the fires of inspiration—men and women who realize they are building an Empire.

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind

Paper 3

THERE is an old saying, that there is plenty of food and work for every one born into the world, if it were only properly distributed. It is the eternal "if" that spoils so many of Life's good plans and good promises.

The farmers of the Canadian West hold the record for the largest cereal production, per capita, of any farming country in the whole wide world. The land is so easily cultivated that one man can do the work of three, in the matter of preparing and planting.

Just because the land is so good it brings forth abundantly and the man who can plant for three, had need be able to do the work of six in reaping.

It is the merciful provision of Providence that no matter how fat the land, no matter how easily accessible, the personal equation is necessary to ultimate success. When the settlers began to pour into the Canadian West, the talk was ever of the number of acres broken, the ever increasing area of cultivation. When some of the wiseacres asked "Who will harvest all this crop?" the answer was, "Oh, the new immigrant will be glad to earn mone that way to start."

It was quite true that the incoming immigrants for the first year was willing to work as a harvest hand, but it was equally true that by the next year he wanted harvest hands of his own, so the problem grew yearly more complicated.

In 1885, when the C.P.R. was completed, there were under cultivation 565,228 acres and the crop of the Canadian West that year was 14,907,184 bushels; this included all cereals. In ten years the cultivated area had risen to 1,776,773 acres, the crop was a heavy one, and there was not merely a cry for help, but a perfect wail went up from all over the West, "Help, help, we want help!"

Newspaper men, Government officials, bankers, wholesale merchants all joined in the cry. Something must be done, or the splendid harvest would be wasted because there was not help enough to gather it in.

For several years, prior to 1895, the Canadian Pacific Railway had a plan of help for the West under consideration. The officials of the road knew, none better, that through the counties of Ontario, in Quebec and away down by the sea in the Maritime provinces, there were thousands of young men, whose harvest work was practically ended before the Western harvest began. Not only were there young farmers, but in the cities of the East were also thousands of young men whose boyhood had been spent on farms and who would only need a few days to get into the swing of the old life. Moreover, thousands of these men were longing for an opportuntiy to see the new land, but the ordinary price of travel was to them prohibitive.

Quietly inquiries were made, through the Southwest, and middle states, where harvest excursions on limited lines had been run, a mass of data was accumulated and by the time the cry for help was urgent in 1895, the company was ready to act.

Throughout Eastern Canada the first harvest excursion was advertised extensively, "5000 hands wanted to help reap the harvest of the West.

Excursion will start from such a point on such a day. Fare $12, return fare $18."

Then and there, was much excitement in old farm homesteads and city lodgings Only $12 to the West: why, the Canadian Pacific Railway could have got 50,000 men.

Luckily for boys who came off farms, mothers packed them such generous baskets of provisions, that they never had to spend a penny on food the whole way out. Homespun blankets, patched quilts and feather pillows were requisitioned, and it is safe to say that more old-time carpet bags saw the light of day on that first harvest excursion, than will ever again grace the baggage cars and colonist sleepers of the "The Great Company."

The boys from the city had in most instances to purchase their outfit, and though it was more flash it was not half so comfortable as that of the boy from the farm. But everyone got ready somehow, and it is quite safe to state that no one missed the train on that momentous occasion.

Though as momentous as the two former occasions, when the East had rushed men to the rescue of the West in extremity, this time it was not to be the forced marches along the Dawson trail that marked 1879; nor the rough box-car rides, alternating with marches in water half to the knees, of the trip in 1885. There were no rebels in the Western land, only a riot of golden grain that meant bread, butter and jam to its growers, and bread, at least, to many a starving wretch in the old land across the sea.

Yet even as the former expeditions had been sped upon their way with tears and cheers, so was the first harvest excursion of 1895. Cheers for the brave new land with its open door of opportunity, and some silent tears from the old folks left behind, who felt intuitively that to many of those starting on that journey the call of West had come for all the future, and the old home would know them no more.

Of course, as was inevitable, in such a gathering there was a percentage of the hoodlum element, but the majority of the 5,000 who came were young men from the farms of the old provinces, men and boys accustomed to all kinds of farm work, the very best of harvest hands.

Like all new ventures it worked somewhat "green" at first, too many men flocked to one point, too few to another, and some few of the men had been born tired and never got over it, but on the whole the scheme was a success and the West harvested that year 59,984,807 bushels of grain of all kinds.

When the final round-up of the return tickets was made, it was found one thousand out of the five thousand that came West had decided to remain as permanent settlers.

As the intervening years have passed the excursions have grown in number and size, and the plans and the arrangements have been admirably systemized.

As in the case of immigration, the Immigration Department works hand in hand with the railway in preparation of lists of men requiring hands, the number and class wanted. As early as the month of February these names begin to come in, though of course the bulk of them are not made up until some idea has been gathered of what the harvest will be. The number brought each year has steadily increased with the rapidly increasing area under cultivation.

All harvesters are ticketed first to Winnipeg and re-ticketed from that point to destination, and so expert have the officials become in the handling of these crowds that it is a regular thing for 600 harvesters to be checked up, re-ticketed and baggage re-checked in twenty minutes.

To lessen expense to the farmers the excursions are run just as close to harvesting time as possible, and usually there is not an hour to spare, so that the men are simply rushed to destination as fast as steam can carry them.

When the farmer has to pay $2.50 and $3.00 per day and board he does not want men round a week doing nothing. When a thousand-acre field is ready for the binders, it is equally important that the men should be on

the spot to start. The railway company is supposed to be able to tell to a nicety just when harvesting will commence in each district. The calculations have been wonderfully accurate so far.

The acreage sown to wheat alone in 1906 was very close to 5,000,000 acres and the harvest of cereals of all kinds ran over 200,000,000 bushels and to garner this, in addition to the men on the spot, 23,000 harvest hands were brought into the country, of this enormous number a little over twenty per cent. became permanent settlers.

The tickets for these excursions are good until the end of November for $18 return; this is to permit of the men helping not only with harvesting, but with the threshing, the bulk of which is still done from the stock in this country of magnificent distances.

Unique in so many things the Canadian Pacific Railway is unique in this: No other road has ever carried harvest hands such tremendous distances at such low rates and in such large numbers.

With an ever increasing area of cultivation, and a constantly decreasing supply of men willing to come for harvesting alone, the problem of the Western harvest is not yet fully solved, but no doubt the Paternal Corporation will find a solution to this as it has done to a score of other problems equally difficult.

For the present year, owing to the late season of seeding, the number of harvest hands required is estimated at 20,000. So much of railway construction is going forward, that of this number probably nearly fifty per cent. will remain in the West, so the plan of harvest excursion is an excellent immigration policy as well.

When the Dark Comes Down

By Cy Warman

QUEEN of my heart, when the dark comes down,
When the lingering light in the red, warm west
Glows faintly and fades over tower and town,
A new light burns in my happy breast.
I know it is morning, wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart.

Queen of my heart, when the roses die
And the low winds waltz with the eddying leaves,
We know a happiness, you and I,
Though the rain-drops drip from the drooping eaves.
I know it is summer, wherever thou art,
Queen of my heart.

"M. Montgomery, Real Estate"

By Mae Harris Anson

Editor of The Minneapolis Journal Junior

BEHIND the modest sign, "M. Montgomery, Real Estate," on a leading street of Prince Albert, lies one of the romances which prove that Western Canada is not only the young man's country, but that golden opportunities lie ready to the hand of the woman who knows how to make use of them.

"M. Montgomery" is, in reality, Mrs. Mary Montgomery, a dot of a woman, who at first sight seems to possess none of the earmarks of the aggressive financier. A second look, however, reveals an expression of calm shrewdness lying deep behind her blue eyes, as well as an indefinable something that was once expressed by the noted purist in language as "savvy." He was talking of the qualities that made for success in Western Canada, and ended with the words:

"People fail in Western Canada if they have no—no—well, as we express it in Alberta—they fail because they have no 'savvy.' They do not know how to work, they do not care, and they do not want to work anyway."

Now, Mrs. Montgomery has plenty of "savvy." The sign upon her office is just one year old, but her knowledge of good land is an instinct almost as old as herself. It is a tradition in the family that she was never known to pass a fine stretch of field and meadow and woodland, that she did not say,

"I'd like to own that piece of property."

When her husband died ten years ago, she found herself with four children and 3,000 acres of land. That sounds like a good provision, but the land was heavily encumbered, there were outstanding debts, and the four children were not only blessed with healthy Canadian appetites, but were of an age when their breadwinning powers had no market value.

All the latent business ability in Mrs. Montgomery awoke at the magic touch of Necessity. For a year and a half she was matron of the jail, of which her husband was warden at his death. During this eighteen months she bent her best energies to the adjustment of her tangled affairs, and the creation of some solid ground beneath her feet. She sold some of the land, to save the rest, and somehow managed to pay off the most pressing debts. At the end of this time, she received an appointment in the land office at $50 a month. It was not an easy life for even the bravest spirit, for housework, "mothering" and all home life for her children were compressed into the few hours, left to her outside of her office work, morning and evening.

Nor was it an easy matter to feed and clothe and house and educate four children on $50 a month. So Mrs. Montgomery looked about for more financial strings to pull. She saw men doing well in life insurance, and even though they were men and she a woman she did not see that the work was so intricate but that she could master it as well as they. So she made application for an agency with the Confederation Life Insurance Association of Toronto. When the name "Mrs. Mary Montgomery" was laid before the board, they were simply stricken speechless with horror.

"A woman!" they exclaimed, when they recovered their breath. "A woman on our rolls? Impossible! What could she do? Besides, we have never

had any woman agents.''

Fortunately for Mrs. Montgomery, the western manager was a man wise beyond his associates, for he had communed with the Spirit of the West, and knew that out in ''God's country,'' all things are possible, even for a woman. When the storm of conservatism had spent itself, he said,

''Try her, anyway. If she proves a failure, she can be dropped at the end of the year.''

During the first twelve months, Mrs. Montgomery made $300 in premiums. That was just seven years ago. To-day, her income from this source is never less than $1200. What is more, many another woman has been allowed to follow in her footsteps because of her success. By careful management Mrs. Montgomery was able to put by a nest-egg, and though life meant unceasing work, she was happy in the thought of the provision it meant for those dependent upon her. Then one day she learned that a certain tract of land, containing 1200 acres, was offered for sale at $4 an acre. She wanted it, even as she had always wanted any good piece of land she ran across. Her nest egg was just enough to make the first payment. There was absolutely no other tangible fund from which to make the second payment, nor could she hope to save enough to meet it, out of her regular income. It was a big proposition, and a daring one to attempt with no resources save a pair of hands, a level head and a huge capacity for work. Yet her instinct told her the investment was a good one, she had faith in the Prince Albert district—and she made the plunge, determined not to worry, but to work. And she worked to such good effect that by the time the second payment was due, she had sold enough of the tract to meet the demand. Thus heartened, she kept on, and by the time the third payment came due, she had not only sold so advantageously that she could meet it, but she had 600 acres left clear.

So the years went busily on between her Government position, her life insurance work, her home duties and the responsibility of giving her children the best educations possible. And every dollar that could be saved was invested in real estate with so unerring a judgment that it was speedily sold at a profit.

''I bought what I personally wanted to own and live upon,'' she says. ''And every piece of land I have come into possession of I have had the more or less dim idea of sometime making my homestead.''

That ''something I should like to live upon'' is undoubtedly the secret of her wonderful success, for buying land for a home, and buying it for speculation pure and simple, are two different matters—generally.

After three years in the land office, Mrs. Montgomery's want-to-know spirit longed for better knowledge of the land business, and she asked to be transferred to the registry division. There she found that the work of the office was frequently delayed because the registrar was also the commissioner for the taking of affidavits, and when he was absent, all affidavits had to wait until his return. Her business instinct suggested the advisability of a second commissioner, and judging from her experience in the life insurance business, she saw no good reason why she could not answer the demands of the position, and she asked for the appointment. The Government looked at the matter through her eyes and she has the distinction of being the first woman commissioner for taking of affidavits in Western Canada.

And all this time she was buying all the real estate she could handle with her limited time and resources. A few miles out of Prince Albert there was a particularly attractive river farm, which she had always admired. One day she found it on the market and bought it, thinking that if office life grew irksome she could go there and earn a living from the soil. That was three years ago. Early this year the Government offered such a tremendous advance over her original investment that she sold it as part of the site of the new penitentiary. Again, she bought a third interest in a hotel.

Within two months, it was sold at a profit yielding $1500 each to the three investors. And so the record might go on indefinitely.

Two years ago, Prince Albert awakened to the new era which more numerous railway connections brought about. Substantial brick and stone buildings replaced the frame buildings of pioneer days; banks began to erect new offices, pretentious in every way, and the town buzzed and hummed with tales of profit made in real estate. Then Mrs. Montgomery's don't-see-why instinct awoke to full life and she determined to answer the call. But she did not at once resign her position under the Government to do so. Oh, no! That was altogether too rash a move for this clear-headed little woman. Her holiday vacation was close at hand, and she decided to use those three weeks for her experiment as a dealer in real estate.

The first morning of her vacation, the sign went up, "M. Montgomery, Real Estate." It has never come down, for in those three weeks her commissions on sales amounted to half a year's salary. She felt that even if she did not make another sale for six months, she was still better off than grubbing away in the land office, and her resignation went in.

The record of the twelve months since then sounds like a "landed-in-New-York-without-a-penny-and-is-now-a-millionaire" kind of story It has been like picking up what looks like a silver dollar and in turning it over, performing some "fie, presto, change!" act that transforms it into one hundred dollars or more. Not one investment has turned out badly. So far her judgment has proven infallible, and her lead is coming to be watched by others.

While most of her holdings are in Prince Albert and vicinity, Mrs. Montgomery has begun to acquire property at other points in Western Canada. She owns one-half interest in fifty-two lots at Fort William, and she also has blocks of real estate at Saskatoon and Vancouver. All her Prince Albert and Vancouver property is improved, as it has always been her policy to put up some kind of a building and so make the land yield some income.

In a way, her business life has just begun. Her family is grown. She has rentable property that gives her a comfortable income. She knows that startling as has been the increase in land values throughout the Canadian West the past two years, only the first chapter has been written, and that the whole country, east, west, north and south, responds joyously to the efforts of those who would make Canada the marvel nation of the twentieth century. So that while Prince Albert still claims her allegiance, she has already made plans for wider operations.

Perchance to Dream

By Margaret G. Davidson

I am so weary! Yet I fear to sleep!
How hard it seems to lose myself—to go
To that strange world where tyrant Dreams hold rule—
Where I may kill my friend and wed my foe!

The Bubble Fairies

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"

LITTLE-BOY was out in the garden one day, blowing bubbles. He blew clusters of baby-bubbles, and pairs of middle-sized bubbles, and single big bubbles, and the wind looked over Little-Boy's shoulder to get a chance to blow them away.

The Sun shone down on the bubbles with a jolly fat smile, and Little-Boy blew and blew and blew until his bowl was full of them.

Pink and orange and silver and yellow they were, and they twinkled like a little rainbow.

By and by Little-Boy blew a huge, 'normous, big bubble, and he blew and he blew and he blew until it was just as big as it could pos-sib-ly be.

Just then a cousin of the Nasturtium-Girl saw it, and clapped her hands.

You see Little-Boy's big sister had been picking sweet peas in the garden that morning, and picked the little cousin's house right off.

So the cousin was visiting the Nasturtium-Girl, and looking for a new house, and the huge-'normous-big bubble was just the thing.

"Don't you s'pose he'd let me rent it, Nasturtium-Girl?" said the cousin.

DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

AND THE HUGE-'NORMOUS-BIG-BUBBLE WAS JUST RIGHT

"I guess he would. He's a friend of mine, and I'll go ask him," answered Nasturtium-Girl, and over she flew to where Little-Boy was sitting.

Of course he would rent it—he'd let the Nasturtium-Girl's cousin have it for nothing—where was she?

"Here I am," said the little cousin shyly, from under a leaf, and Little-Boy bowed very politely.

"Take it and welcome," said Little-Boy, and in she popped with a "Thank-you."

And the huge-'normous-big-bubble was just right. There was a parlor on one side and a rainbow curtain that divided it from the kitchen, and a front door with a cluster of tiny bubbles for a porch, and the little cousin said she never saw a more convenient arrangement.

Little-Boy heard the Wind chuckle over his shoulder, and then puff! He blew little cousin away in her bubble to Fairyland.

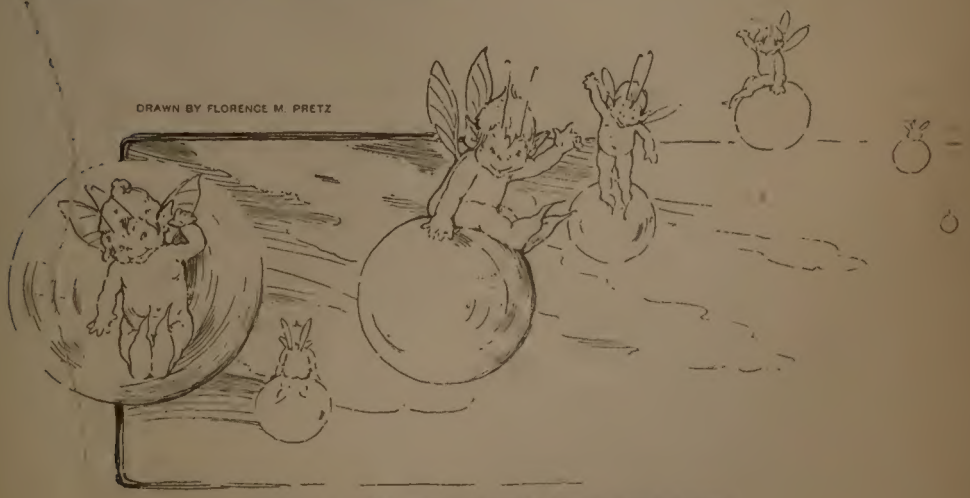
"Good-bye! good-bye!" called Little-Boy as she sailed away.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" said the Nasturtium-Girl.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" waved the little cousin merrily, and she was gone.

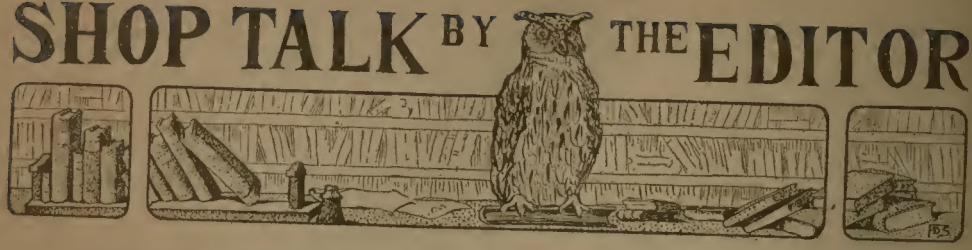
And do you know, ever since, all the bubbles belong in Fairyland, and there is a fairy living in every single one of them if you look sharply enough to find out.

Just you try it some day, and see.



THERE IS A FAIRY LIVING IN EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



"THE MASTER PIECE"

IT was Charles Baudelaire, that marvellous master of French prose, who dreamed of a "*prose poetique, sans rithme et sans rime* and who realized his dream as few men of any speech have done. De Quincey sought for the same ideal, Guy de Maupassant lived only for the airy phantom, Ivan Tourgueneff caught a momentary glimpse of her, but always she has been the evanescent vision, the dearest fantasy of the arch-dreamers. And too often the fleeting Beauty has led her pursuers to the doorway of the dead with the scented smoke-wreaths of the dream-stick curling about her hair.

It is a dangerous thing to play with the dream-stick. And yet, as Douglas MacLeod says in "The Masterpiece," the solemn warnings of its votaries attract instead of repell the novice —and Douglas MacLeod should know. It is a curious tale—"The Masterpiece." The letters of the young newspaper man who experimented with opium and wrote the book "That Would Live Forever" are an intimate study of the soul.

The story will appear in THE CANADA WEST with an illustration by the author.

MR. CALLAWAY TALKS

JUST because we feel that the CANADA WEST belongs to the people of the wheat provinces more than it does to us, we are going to print Mr. W. R. Callaway's letter of July twenty-second. You know Mr. Callaway is general passenger agent of the Soo Line, and, like most railroad men, doesn't indulge in superlatives outside of his advertising matter.

"I want to compliment you on the July number of the CANADA WEST Magazine. 'A Paternal Corporation' commenced in this number is certainly good matter, also Spencer's 'The Mecca of the Stock Raiser.' You are certainly making the magazine a winner."

Mr. Callaway's "you" means *you*, remember.

CANADA IN THE NATIONAL

BOSTON is generally known as a peaceable city, principally devoted to Ibsen and health foods, but it has at least one live, up-to-date, three-color magazine called *The National*, of which Mr. Joe Chapple is editor. *The National* is on all the news-stands, and on *The National's* August cover is Canada—Canada so that all men may see—Canada of the present and future. Nearly twenty years ago when Kipling was a cub reporter on the *Allahabad Pioneer* he wrote:

Then we took the lances out an' then the bugles blew,
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two,
Ridin', ridin', ridin', ridin' two an' two,
All the way to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.

There is the same stirring march on the cover of the magazine, but it is the peaceful march of the settler, with a woman by his stirrup and a child tugging at her skirts. The design is by M. B. Aleshire, who has done so many covers for THE CANADA WEST MAGAZINE. It is the poetry of the vanishing frontier.

Inside the magazine is the prose—

ninety pages of it, and numberless photographs of cities, railroads, mills and forests to back up the letterpress. It is the greatest piece of solid Canadian "boost" that ever came out in a magazine. Two hundred and twenty-five thousand regular subscribers received that August number, and learned more of the Dominion than they ever knew before. How many thousand bought the magazine from the news-stands and saw the articles in their next neighbor's copy cannot be figured out. Mr. Chapple has done more for Canada than can be estimated in cold dollars and cents.

SOME GOOD THINGS IN STORE

WE have already told you about Miss Grace Benson's little story of the Irish Setter and his love for his lame master—this and "The Tenderfoot" we have been compelled to hold over. But you will enjoy them all the more for the delay.

HOW TO GET A HOMESTEAD

ANYONE who has ever seen the colonist trains depart from the cities of the Middle West for the prairie provinces will never forget the bronzed and bearded men who wait patiently at the station grilles among their nondescript boxes and bundles, men with the light of the go-fever smouldering in their eyes, men who move without haste or hesitancy and arrive in spite of all obstacles. To such men Canada has much to give, and Mr. Allan Frake has caught the very spirit of the pioneer in his article on "How to Get a Homestead" which appears in this issue. "Old Mac" is the stuff pioneers are made of, and his advice to "Billy" contains just the facts that the prospective settler is most anxious to know.

How to get traveling rates, whose guidance to seek in the North, what to do to gain experience, how to take out a homestead, what is to be done when you have it—these are the things that Mr. Frake brings out accurately in his story, so that the settler hardly needs any further counsel. Any restless young fellow who is eager to "follow the Gleam" wherever it may lead, to whom the long road over the skyline calls, should read Mr Frake's story.

CANADA IN FICTION

JUST after the August number of THE CANADA WEST was out, a letter came to our desk from Mr. H. W. Brodie, assistant general passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from which we quote:

"I was very much interested in some of the stories in this month's magazine. I think the one about the New Mexico chap was mighty fine."

We had not answered Mr. Brodie's letter when the mail brought another from Mr. William Pearson, of Winnipeg, who said:

"I was particularly struck with Harriman's short article. The way he silhouettes the dry, dusty country of New Mexico and then the Edmonton country is certainly wonderful. I was also very much taken with Cy Warman's story, 'The Heart of a Heathen.' Altogether I always have a feeling of pleasurable anticipation when I go across the street to buy my copy of THE CANADA WEST.

Fiction is the most popular means of reaching the people as a whole—witness the vast number of "all-story" magazines that crowd the news-stands. People read fiction after working hours when they are too tired to wade through a serious facts-and-figures article.

Who has made Canada famous? Ask anyone to name the writers on Canada, and ten to one he will say, "D. Drummond, Cy Warman, Stewart Edward White, Ralph Connor, C.G.D. Roberts, Gilbert Parker," and stop It is the

> Singers of songs on all men's lips,
> Tellers of tales in all men's ears.

who draw the memories of men after them when the statisticians and crop-report-makers are forgotten; the men who see the glory and the dream of a land, who make that land remembered by the succeeding generations.

Mr. Harriman's work in fiction, with Canada for his setting, will be worth waiting for, and we shall look with interest for his new stories.

The Editor.

THE REPLY SPORTING

IT happened in a Sunday-school. None of the children had studied their lessons apparently, and as for Johnny, the new boy, he wasn't supposed to know much about it, anyway.

"Now Willie," said the teacher, "who was it swallowed Jonah?"

"I dunno," giggled Willie.

"Bobbie, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?"

"You can search me," responded Bobbie airily.

"Tommy, who swallowed Jonah?" demanded the teacher with asperity.

"Please'm, I never," whimpered Tommy

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the teacher, and turning to the new boy, she asked: "Johnny, who swallowed Jonah?"

"I'll bite," said Johnny. "What's the answer?"

HOW THEY RAN

IN a recent suit a lawyer was cross-examining a German, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, and so forth in a house in which a certain transaction was alleged to have occurred.

"And now my good man," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs ran in your house."

The German looked dazed for a moment. "How do dey run?" he repeated.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," explained the witness after deep thought, "ven I am oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."

HAD A STEP-MOTHER

IT was out in Manitoba, and about a week after school opened, a little Swede boy came sheepishly in to school.

"What's your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

The boy twisted his fingers.

"Yonny Olsen," he murmured.

"How old are you?"

"Ay not know how old ay bane."

"Well, when were you born," persisted the school-ma'am.

The youngster looked up as if sure of his ground at last. "Ay not born at all; ay got step-mutter."

SAD

By George J. Dunlap

THEIR meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad,
She sacrificed her sweet young life,
'Twas all the life she had.

She sleeps beneath the daisies fair,
In peace she's resting now;
Oh, there's always something doing
When the freight train meets the cow.

THE REASON WHY

"THE reason why my feet are big,"
Said Jane, "if you must know,
"Is 'cause I plant them firmly,
"And so, of course, they grow.
"It also does them good, I s'pose,
"To be so very near the hose."